CYPRUS

A Short Account of its History and Present State

By COLONEL A. O. GREEN

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with the Author's

best wishes.

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CYPRUS

This little book is dedicated to my dear wife, as firm a believer in "British-Israel Truth" as myself.

Proverbs xxxi. 10-31.

THE AUTHOR.

(By Request.)

CYPRUS

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF ITS HISTORY AND PRESENT STATE

From Notes chiefly taken in 1896 and brought up to date as far as possible

BY

COLONEL A. O. GREEN (late) R.E., F.R.C.I., p.s.c.

AUTHOR OF GREEN'S "PRACTICAL HINDUSTANI GRAMMAR,"
"PRACTICAL ARABIC GRAMMAR," "MODERN ARABIC STORIES," &c., &c.

VERY KINDLY WRITTEN FOR AND PRESENTED TO "THE NORTHERN BRITISH-ISRAEL REVIEW" FOR THE BENEFIT OF ITS FUNDS.

M. GRAHAM COLTART,
SELMA, KILMACOLM,
SCOTLAND.
1914

ERRATA.

Pages 1, 18, 44, 47. Cypriotes read Cypriots.
Pages 5, 30. Larnaca read Larnaka.
Page 17. 1911 read 1191.
Page 45. Cypriote read Cypriot.
Page 49. Maskzera read Maschera.
Page 63. Makhera read Maschera.

Page 48. The Mr J. P. Foscolo referred to on this page still carries on business at Limasol, and has allowed me to make use of many of the photographs in this book.

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PREFACE

BEING so fully occupied at present with work in connection with the Great European War, I have not the time to write a worthy preface to this remarkably interesting book; but I warmly commend my good friend Colonel Green's delightful narrative and description as a notable contribution to the literature of the fascinating Island of Cyprus,—so little known to the average Briton of to-day. As a firm believer in British-Israel truth, I especially ask all Anglo-Israelites and students of History and Geography to carefully study these pages; and I venture to suggest that the Appendix should be read first.

This book will take no mean place among the nearly 900 volumes which have been written on this charming Island of the Mediterranean, and which form an extraordinary and unique collection in our Royal Colonial Institute Library, presented by Mr Claude Delaval Cobham, C.M.G., B.C.L., M.A.

W. Herbert Garrison

Royal Colonial Institute.

30*th September* 1914.

Note.—Mr W. Herbert Garrison, F.R.G.S., is the Official Lecturer to the Royal Colonial Institute.

CYPRUS.
English Miles.
Morphou Bay
Khyrsoko Bay
Akrotiri Bay
LAPATHUS
CERINIA
LEFKOSIA
SALAMIS
FAMAGUSTA
Ammochostus
LARNAKA
CITIUM
TAMASSUS
OLYMPUS
ARSINOE
SOLI
BAFFA
PAPHOS
OLO PAPHOS
CURIUM
LIMESSOS
LIMASOL
AMATHUS
Akrotiri
Kantara
Pentadactylon
C Mandrulak
C Zephyrum
C Pedalion

CYPRUS

By Colonel A. O. Green.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory—Strategic importance of Cyprus—Its possibilities—Our Convention with Turkey—First impressions of the Island—Limasol—Polimedia—General aspect of the country—A start for Troödos—The military road—A dip into history—Richard Cœur de Lion.

NOT very long ago it was stated in the newspapers that some Greek delegates from Cyprus had arrived in this country with the object of drawing public attention to certain grievances of the inhabitants of the island, one of the largest* in the Mediterranean, which, although nominally in the dominion of Turkey, is under British administration.

Their greatest grievance seemed to be that Cyprus was not making the commercial and material progress that it ought, and this was largely due to the heavy burden of the tribute. This is an annual sum of £92,800 payable to Turkey as the average excess of revenue over expenditure, but really appropriated to the interest on the British guaranteed loan of 1855. The Cypriotes pay £42,000 of this sum, and it constitutes a heavy burden, preventing, as it does, the use of a great deal of money for local purposes, such as education. The delegates were of opinion that the money raised in Cyprus should be spent in Cyprus, where it was much needed. Two-thirds of the inhabitants are illiterate, and the money could be utilised with success in the direction of education. Another grievance was that the Colonial Office had in hand a surplus of £170,000, which, it was considered, might be spent in necessary public

* It is the third largest, being inferior in size to Sicily and Sardinia, but larger than either Corsica or Crete.

works in the island. Yet another grievance is with regard to representation on the Legislative Council. There are six official members, and twelve elected—three Moslems, and nine Greeks, but as the Greeks form four-fifths of the present population of 274,000, it is thought that the Greeks should have twelve members on the Council, which was as much as to say that the Greek element aimed at a preponderating voice in the Council. They also desired that the Constitution should be amended to enable the *people* (two-thirds of whom are admitted to be illiterate), to participate more substantially in the administration of the island, as under the present system they had no voice in the allocation of the money that was raised.

The delegates declared that their policy was in no sense anti-British, but they thought they had legitimate grievances which should be remedied, and were very anxious that if at any time Great Britain, for any reason, should not wish to keep Cyprus, that it should be given to Greece.

Quite so! And that has been the persistent policy of the Greek political carpet-baggers from Athens ever since the commencement of our occupation in 1878. What reply the Colonial Office may have given to the one-sided representations of these Greek delegates I do not know, but only within the last four days a fresh statement has been made in the papers that the Legislative Council in the absence of the High Commissioner had, at the instigation of the Greek Archimandrite, declared for annexation to Greece, and that the matter had been referred to the Home Government.

As the Greeks can lay no possible claim, either sentimental or otherwise, to any rights over Cyprus, such as they are so persistent in urging over Crete, there appears to be no reason whatever to listen to their cry for annexation to a country which has not yet learned to govern itself, and it can only be hoped that the British Government will know how to treat this

agitation—which has already called for an increase in the British garrison—in a proper spirit. The Greeks have shown themselves singularly ungrateful for the liberty which has been accorded to them in the past, and personally I think the Turk in the island is far and away the more desirable inhabitant, and I should be exceedingly sorry for the Turkish minority if the Greek were, by any chance, to obtain the upper hand. However, there is a far more important question connected with Cyprus, which will doubtless have its full weight with the powers that be, and that is the strategic value of the island in view of its proximity to the coast of Asia Minor, and more particularly to the gulf of Iskandrūn or Alexandretta, near the head of which the future Constantinople-Bagdad railway will pass.

In view of the importance of Cyprus in the near future, from the Anglo-Israel standpoint, perhaps the following notes, which I made some fifteen years ago, may prove of interest to the readers of the *Northern British-Israel Review*. These notes were made during my frequent visits to the island as Commanding Royal Engineer of the Army of Occupation in Egypt between the years 1893-98, and although a considerable period of time has elapsed, its economic condition, *pace* the grievances of the Greek delegates, does not seem to have changed materially for the better.

I feel it almost impossible for me to do justice, in the course of a few pages of the *Review*, to so interesting a subject, so I shall content myself with giving my impressions concerning that most charming island, where so much was expected from the British occupation, but where so little has been done to make it what it ought to be—the gem of the Mediterranean Sea. I went there for the first time in the winter of 1896, after having read Mallock's *In an Enchanted Island*, fully expecting to be grievously disappointed. I remember it was cold and cloudy, with rain showers, during my stay on the island,

and yet I came away enthusiastic over its inherent possibilities. The one thing wanted in Cyprus was money to develop its resources, and that will never be attracted as long as the present convention of the 4th June 1878, between ourselves and Turkey, remains in force. Neither of the high contracting parties has adhered in the very least to the stipulations of the above convention except England, insomuch as the excess of revenue over expenditure in the island is handed over to the Porte with a regularity which must cause the mouths of the Turkish officials at Stamboul, who are paid vicariously, to water considerably.

Unfortunately, the excess to be paid to Turkey was based upon the revenue of the previous five years, paid in a depreciated paper currency, but converted into good English £ s. d. at par by the astounding error of some official at home. The consequence is, the island Government has had to find some £93,000 per annum for the last seventeen years (nearly double that now), out of a total revenue of about £200,000, which does not leave much for administration and internal development. The fact is, the island has been starved since our occupation of it, and although it seems to be dragging itself slowly out of its previous backward condition, thanks to the careful way in which its revenues are administered, its present state is no credit to the British Government. Writing as I did in 1896, I said: "Why should we not pay the Turk £3,000,000 and purchase the island outright? This might easily be raised at 2¾% without costing the British tax-payer a single penny, and, although the apparent saving over what is now paid annually is small, the consequences to the island itself would be enormous. Once granted that there was no chance of Cyprus being handed back to Turkey, confidence would spring up, capital be attracted, and with it, all the means of carrying out those absolutely necessary public works

—harbour-making, road-construction, irrigation, extension of forests, and the thousand and one things which go to make up the prosperity of a well-ordered community. In twenty years' time Cyprus would be the gem of the Mediterranean. With every climate, from sub-tropical to that of the temperate zone, what a health resort for invalids it might become at any season of the year!"

> "If all were free,
> Who would not, like the swallow, flit and find
> What season suited him? In summer heats
> Wing upward; and in winter build his home
> In sheltered valleys nearer to the sea.'

At present Cyprus is absolutely out in the cold, for there are not only no harbours,* but there is no regular line of communication by which it can be reached. When I say there are no harbours, of course I mean in the modern sense of the term—ports capable of receiving large steamships, and enabling them to discharge their cargoes in any weather. Famagusta, Larnaca and Limasol (*vide* map), are hardly to be styled ports, except for the very smallest class of native vessel trading to and fro with the Levant. There is, however, good holding ground for the largest ships in the roadsteads, where they are fairly well protected from the stormy winds which prevail in the winter months, but communication with the shore is often interrupted for days together.

Want of money has, of course, been the cause of preventing any harbour works being undertaken at Famagusta, where for £50,000 a good commercial harbour of 7½ acres area and a depth of 24 ft. of water might be constructed. The late Mr Brown, C.E., for some years engineer to the Island Government, calculated that for about £350,000 an inner harbour of

* This is not quite correct now, as certain harbour works have been undertaken at Famagusta at a cost of £126,000, which were finished in 1906, and the port may now be entered in safety, both by night and day.

37 acres, complete with all quays, wharves, etc., and an outer harbour of 450 acres, protected by a breakwater 2,250 yards long, could be provided where the whole of the Mediterranean fleet might anchor. This is, of course, far in excess of present requirements, but I cannot help thinking that, as at Gibraltar and elsewhere, much precious time has been lost.*

And this reminds me that it was not from want of pressing that action has only been taken of late years to provide proper dock accommodation at Gibraltar, for my brother-in-law, the late Captain Buckle, R.E., who was for many years Colonial Engineer there, brought forward more than one scheme dealing with this question, which he looked upon as of vital importance for our interests in the Mediterranean. He has gone from among us, a martyr to duty; but his relatives and friends have the satisfaction of knowing that his ideas have borne fruit, although not, perhaps, on the identical lines proposed by him.

Of course, our occupation of Egypt in 1882 greatly altered the strategic value, for a time, of Cyprus, and with it of Famagusta; but it is interesting to read what is said by Sir Samuel Baker in his book *Cyprus as I saw it in 1879*, in which he says—"Without Famagusta the island would be worthless as a naval station; with it, as a first-class harbour and arsenal, we should dominate the Eastern portion of the Mediterranean, entirely command the approach to Egypt, and keep open our communication with the Suez Canal and the consequent route to India. *In event of the Euphrates Valley line of railway becoming an accomplished fact, Cyprus will occupy the most commanding position.*† But all these advantages will be neutralised unless Famagusta shall represent the power of

* Of course, since this was written, the whole of our naval policy in the Mediterranean and elsewhere has been altered by the present Government to meet the expansion of the German Navy in the North Sea. However, force of circumstances will, I think, make us once more supreme in the Middle Sea.

† The italics are mine. —A. O. G.

England, like Malta and Gibraltar. The more minutely that we scrutinise the question of a Cyprian occupation, the more prominent becomes the importance of Famagusta; with it, Cyprus is the key of a great position; without it, the affair is a deadlock."

The whole question, to my mind, lies in a nutshell. Are we going to remain in Egypt or are we not? We keep on reiterating *ad nauseam* that we have no intention of remaining permanently there, and yet we neglect the most elementary precautions, which would, by this time, have given us a most commanding position in the Levant, in case withdrawal were forced upon us. It ought to be remembered that the coal supplies, both at Port Said and Alexandria, are absolutely at the mercy of any raiding force that might choose to try and destroy them.*

It is rather a difficult matter to reach Cyprus at all with any degree of certainty, and it is still more uncertain to be able to get away from it again. There is a line of very indifferent steamships belonging to the Bells' Asia Minor Steamship Company,† which is supposed to dispatch a steamer once a week from Alexandria to Limasol, and so on round the coast of Asia Minor, touching at Smyrna, Beyrut, Jaffa, and back to Egypt by Port Said; but the dates of its sailings are so very erratic that they are not to be depended upon. The first time I tried to start I saw that the *Dunkeld*, the only good ship on this line, was advertised to sail on a Wednesday. I wrote to the agents to secure a passage, when they told me the boat

* Years have elapsed since the above was written, and it says very little for the perspicacity of the British Government that it is only now that the Admiralty has made up its mind to establish a station for destroyers, submarines, etc., at Alexandria. Personally, as a firm believer in our destiny as Anglo-Israel, I have always held the opinion that we were in Egypt to "heal Egypt," and that we should never evacuate the country.

† Since absorbed in the *Moss-Ellerman Line*. *The Limasol S.S. Co.* also has three small steamers under the Greek flag, which convey the weekly mails between Egypt and the island.

would leave the following Saturday; but, as a matter of fact, she sailed on Thursday, and so I should have missed my passage had not the General desired me to postpone my visit on account of the cholera scare. When I finally did make a start I rushed off to Alexandria post-haste on the Wednesday morning to catch the *Dunkeld* again, which was advertised to sail that afternoon, but when I got on board I found that there was not the least intention of leaving before late on the following day, as the agents had just received the offer of more cargo.

This sort of uncertainty does not facilitate a visit to the island, which is a very great pity, as it certainly only requires to be better known to be more appreciated. Leaving Alexandria at 5 p.m. on the 14th November, Limasol was reached at midnight on the following day, when we anchored in the roads about half-a-mile from the shore. We had had a strong head wind, with a nasty, choppy sea, which delayed us a good deal, otherwise I should say the run ought to be easily made in twenty-four hours. It was fully 7 a.m. on the 16th before the port doctor came off to give *pratique* and allow us to land.

It was a dull, squally morning, with rain showers, and I must say I was very unfavourably struck with my first introduction to the island. The town, which extends for about a mile along a low, shingly beach from the mouth of the little Garilli river on the west, has very little depth, and there are few, if any, buildings of any pretensions to architecture. The sea face is protected by groynes, and lined with the public offices and a few stores and shops, and inside the town there is a curious old fort, which is used as a prison. The streets of the town are kept nice and clean, but they are extremely narrow, and the shops mean, and very little business seemed to be transacted. Viewed from the deck of the steamer, the hilly country behind the town looked parched and barren, although there appeared to be a good many dark, stumpy-

LIMASOL.

From a Photograph by J. P. Foscolo, Limasol.

looking trees about, which I found afterwards were caroub trees (*ceratona siliqua*). The caroub is indigenous to the island, and flourishes in the rockiest and most unpromising soil, but the wild trees are unproductive unless grafted. The fruit of these evergreens is known as the "locust-bean," and is extensively used in the manufacture of such compounds as "Morley's Patent Food for Cattle." Years ago the crop fetched about £4, 10s. per ton, but of late years the value has declined considerably,* which probably accounts for the non-extension of this important source of revenue. There is, however, no doubt that there are large tracts in the island where this productive tree might have been planted to great advantage. Beyond the intermediate backing of low, whitish, cretaceous hills rose the flat, dome-shaped range of Olympus, looking bare and ugly in the distance, and not at all coming up to one's preconceived notions of what it ought to be like. The range is so hog-backed that at this distance of some thirty miles in a straight line, it is scarcely possible to give it credit for being nearly 6,500 feet above the sea level. In the middle distance the hut-camp of Polimedia, where the troops remained during the winter months, was plainly visible about four miles distant, and some 400 feet above the sea. The Harbour Master very kindly put me ashore in his boat, with all my belongings, which had to be hauled up at the end of a wooden pier, at considerable risk to their contents, as the boat was bobbing about a good deal. There is only nine feet of water at the head of the pier, which is some 300 feet long, and along the top of which runs a tramway connecting it with the stores and warehouses on shore. To make the pier of any real service, it should be extended out some 500 more yards into water deep enough to allow steamers berthing alongside the leeward side to dis-

* At present the value of the exports of caroubs is about £85,000 per annum, and next to barley is the principal export from the island.

charge their cargoes. The expense of this would not be large, and already something would have been done towards the improvement of the island.

Leaving my baggage temporarily in the Custom House, I took a Soudanese sailor, who was loafing about, as my guide, and started off through the town in the direction of the depôt, where I knew I should find the warrant-officer in charge of all the military works still being carried on in the island. All attempts of mine to open up a conversation with my guide were an utter failure, as he understood neither Arabic nor English, but only Turkish and Greek, which are the two languages spoken in the island, especially the latter. He had probably been brought as a slave in early childhood from the Soudan, and sold to some Turk, who had brought him over, and so had forgotten his Arabic, if indeed he ever knew any. There are many such about, but I generally found that the old men could still talk Arabic, and were quite pleased to do so. A walk of about three-quarters of a mile through narrow lane-like streets, and along a glaring, dusty road, brought us to the depôt, which is situated on both sides of the military road to Polimedia and Troödos. To think that, after spending thousands of pounds in putting up splendid stone buildings for ordnance stores and A.S.C. requirements, with bakeries, butcheries, waggon sheds, stables, barracks, and offices all complete—and some of them are only just finished—we should go and give it up, and hand it nearly all over for the accommodation of the island mounted police! There is accommodation here for the stores and supplies of at least 10,000 men. However, who knows how soon it may not all be wanted again? The warrant officer in charge soon produced a couple of good ponies to ride out to the Camp at Polimedia. The road for the first three miles out runs over a level plain, not at all interesting at the season of the year at which I was travelling, for the crops were off

CAMP AT POLIMEDIA.

From a Photograph by J. P. Foscolo, Limasol.

the ground and the winter rains had not come to freshen up the landscape, which was looking dusty and parched in the extreme. In the spring, I believe, it is lovely, when the surface is green with wheat and barley growing everywhere in between the caroub and olive trees, which are found in this part of the island in great abundance. This section of the military road was laid out by Lieut. Wisely, R.E., under the general superintendence of Major Maitland, R.E.* A smart canter soon brought us to the point where the Polimedia road branches off from the main Troödos road and begins to ascend towards the Camp, which is situated on a gentle, rocky slope, more or less covered with a jungle of shrubs, and, after the winter rains, carpeted with wild flowers. The Camp, which consists of rows of wooden huts raised off the ground on stone piers, presents no features of interest. There is accommodation for about half a battalion of infantry, with all the necessary hospital buildings, etc. The officers live in tents and in a few small private cottages scattered about. The water supply is excellent, being brought by underground pipes from a point of the Garilli river some miles out, and distributed all over the Camp under pressure, any overflow from the distributing reservoir being carried on down to Limasol, where it forms a welcome addition to the not-too-bountiful town supply. The view from the Camp towards the sea and over the Akrotiri salt lake to the south-east of Limasol is very fine.

The Akrotiri Peninsula, which protects Limasol Bay from the west and south-west, is a great haunt of wild fowl and snipe in the winter, and the lake in its centre, which is about four miles wide when full, evaporates during the summer almost entirely, and the salt left behind is a considerable

* The late Sir James Heriot Maitland, K.C.B.

source of revenue to the Government. At present this lake has no connection with the sea, but one cannot help thinking what a splendid harbour might be made here by cutting through the narrow necks of land which separate it from the sea on both sides, and dredging out the required depth. *Eucalyptus* trees planted soon after the occupation would by this time have done much to mitigate, if not remove altogether, the unhealthiness of the marsh lands around the lake.

Surgeon-Major K——, A.M.S., who was in charge, took me all round the Camp, and expatiated on its general healthiness and desirability as a residence, and was quite enthusiastic over it. There was only a strong company of the Gloster Regiment (28th), in camp, which supplies the guard at the depôt, under Captain P——, who, with his two subalterns, constitute the military society of the island. I rode back into Limasol to inspect the depôt, etc., and as I rode out again it began to rain pretty hard, which it continued to do all the rest of the afternoon and evening, making the air most delightfully fresh and pleasant. I was put up in the little mess hut, which reminded me very much of my old diggings in the hills in India; and in fact, the whole surroundings were very like the foot-hills of the Himalayas about Pathankote on the way up to Dalhousie. At dinner I had my first taste of "Mavro," the wine of the country, but I cannot say that I was impressed in its favour, for it was of a dark, rough, astringent quality, which required a good deal of softening with water to make it palatable.

It had evidently rained pretty hard in the night, but the sun was shining brightly through the clouds when I turned out after a gloriously refreshing night's rest. I can quite believe all they say about the wild flowers here in the spring, for even now anemones and squills were springing up all over the rocky surface of the ground. A stroll round the Camp

RESIDENCE OF ROLAND L. N. MICHELL, Esq., Commissioner of Limasol.

and back just in time to attend divine service at the little church hut, which was conducted on Church of England lines by Mr F——, a Scotch Presbyterian minister, who has been many years on the island, and was formerly a chaplain in India. The service was very well attended, considering the paucity of numbers in camp. Curiously enough, I found in Miss F—— an old acquaintance whom I had last seen at school in Germany some half-dozen years previously, which helps to make one think the world is very small. I rode into Limasol after service, to call on the Commissioner, Mr Michell, at his pretty bungalow, facing the lovely sea only a few yards distant (*vide* photo). Unfortunately, he was out in camp in the district, but Mrs Michell received me most kindly, and it was quite late in the afternoon when I rode back across the fields to Polimedia to have tea and a chat with Dr K—— and his wife outside their quaint little barn of a house.

18th November (*Monday*).—Absolutely cold when I awoke this morning, but the air delicious, and the view seaward magnificent. Rode into Limasol, where Mr C—— and Mr W——, of the Cyprus Wine Company, hearing that I was anxious to pay a visit to the top of Troödos, came to say how glad they would be to make all the necessary arrangements, and put me up at their factory at Peripedia on the way. This was very kind of them, and it is needless to say their offer was accepted, and arrangements made to start the following morning, when Mr C—— was to call for me at the Camp. The afternoon was devoted to tennis in the very excellent court down by the bungalow formerly occupied by Major-General A——, recently commanding the troops in Cyprus. The sudden removal of the troops from the island must have been a sad blow to the owners of house property at the Camp, as, of course, there is not the slightest chance of their ever seeing any return for their outlay, and gradually the bungalows will fall into

disrepair and ruin. It does seem a pity that the troops should be removed. A couple of regiments quartered permanently on the island would be a godsend to the people, and in forty-eight hours the garrison in Egypt could be strongly reinforced if necessary. With winter quarters at Peripedia and Nicosia, and a summer camp either at Platris or on the top of Troôdos, I can imagine no more delightful quarter for our troops than Cyprus.

It rained pretty heavily all the night, and the morning appeared more than doubtful for the proposed trip to the top of Mount Olympus; but about 7 a.m. the clouds broke away, and the weather looked much more promising when we scrambled down by a short cut from camp into the cart-road below, where Mr C—— was waiting with a light four-wheeled covered cart drawn by three excellent mules harnessed abreast. Our luggage was soon on board, and fortunately, the rain stopped just as we were starting; the sun broke through the clouds, and it turned out a perfectly lovely day. The road, which is from 12 to 18 feet wide, has been splendidly laid out, and as long as it lasts will testify to the engineering skill of General Maitland and his three very able R.E. assistants who were in charge of the three sections into which the work was divided. It was carried out under considerable disadvantages in the way of stores and labour, and against time; but I doubt very much whether it would be possible to improve the trace originally selected, for the gradients are remarkably easy; and considering the succession of wild hills and deep gorges along which the road is carried, there are very few expensive bridges. Here and there improvements might be made by widening out the roadway, but even as it is, it is quite sufficient for the traffic which has to make use of it. After we started, which we did at a good smart trot, the road followed the left bank of the Garilli river

for some distance along a somewhat confined valley, but soon the hills began to get more diversified and the country to assume a more agreeable character, the sides of the hills and water courses being more or less covered with caroub trees and groups of old and gnarled olives, which must date back, one would think, to the time of the Lusignans, and the soil showed evident signs of careful cultivation, every little patch of ground along the hillsides being carefully terraced with stone walling.

At Aghia Irene we crossed the Garilli river by a wooden bridge supported on stone piers. Of course, at this season of the year, there was very little water in the stream, and one might easily have crossed dry-shod by stepping from stone to stone, but it sometimes comes down in great flood, and in November 1894 it carried away the bridge both here and at Limasol, and so damaged the mosque there that our Bluejackets had to be landed to blow down the minaret, which had become unsafe. It is only just a few yards above here that the water is drawn off from the bed of the stream which supplies the camp at Polimedia. A delightful drive through a charming country brought us to a shallow rushing stream flowing under cliffs of cretaceous limestone. The descent to the bridge, by which the road crosses the river, is by a very well engineered zig-zag, down which we rattled at a fine pace. It is a charming spot, and the bridge, which is known as the Zygos bridge, boasts of a history long anterior to the time when our Royal Engineers threw the present wooden structure over the foaming water below. Here we halted for half-an-hour to rest and feed the mules at a little wayside *khan* (inn), embowered in oleanders and myrtles, whilst we ourselves enjoyed a pipe under the grateful shade of some fine old plane trees, which were growing right down by the water's edge. As we sat and gazed at the beautiful

view down the little Pterydactylon river, rushing past our feet, fancy was irresistibly carried back to the past, and one pictured to oneself a brilliant cavalcade with sumpter mules and mail-clad retainers winding down the approach to the ancient stone bridge with pointed arches, with the neigh of horses and clashing of steel. How strange it is to think that Cyprus is not by any means a new possession of the English Crown, but that as far back as 1191 our lion-hearted Richard had made himself master of the island.

In the year 1191, we find King Richard I. of England on his journey from Messina to St Jean d'Acre, where he had appointed to meet King Philip of France, and to co-operate with him in the third crusade. On the fourth day of the voyage a violent storm came on from the south, which dispersed the fleet, and the King reached Rhodes with difficulty. Three of his largest ships were driven upon the south coast of Cyprus, and the crews and soldiers were robbed, maltreated, and thrown into prison at Limasol. The ship which contained King Richard's sister, Queen Dowager of Sicily, and his *fiancée*, Berengaria, daughter of the King of Navarre, was driven by the storm towards Limasol, and gained the roads, but was refused entrance to the port, and had to anchor in the open roadstead.

Isaac Comnenus, a nephew of the Greek Emperor, Andronicus Comnenus, who was then Governor or "Duke" of Cyprus, arrived that day at Limasol, and tried to entice the royal ladies to come on shore, but they, suspecting treachery and violence, refused the invitation, which was vehemently repeated, and again declined; preparations were made to seize the ship, which was consequently obliged to set sail, and shortly fell in with King Richard and the remainder of the fleet.

Provoked by Isaac's conduct, and the refusal to give up the prisoners, or to water the fleet, Richard determined to disembark a portion of his force at Limasol, and take vengeance. He found the port closed by sunken ships and other impediments, so the troops were rowed in galleys a short distance along the coast to a place where the shore was low and suitable for landing, and here he disembarked and advanced upon Limasol. The Latin inhabitants of the town at once opened their gates to him, and informed him that Isaac, with the Greek army, had retired to the hills. Eventually a meeting took place between Richard and Isaac in the English camp, and the King expressed his surprise at the inhospitable treatment which his followers had experienced, reminded Isaac of his duty as a Christian prince, and concluded by asking him to join in the crusade, and throw open the island for the purchase of provisions. To this Isaac at the time agreed, but after leaving the King's presence he changed his mind, and rejoined his army at Kolossi, whence he sent a message ordering the English to leave the island at once, or to take the consequences. Indignant at this falseness and arrogance, Richard now resolved to delay his crusade for a time and punish Isaac; he, therefore, at once disembarked his cavalry, marched against the Greeks, vanquished them, and shortly re-entered Limasol with a large quantity of booty. Amongst other trophies gained on that day was the Imperial standard, which was subsequently deposited in St Edmunds Chapel, in the county of Suffolk.

The arrival in Cyprus, at this juncture, of Guy de Lusignan, ex-King of Jerusalem, accompanied by the Princes of Antioch and Tripoli, caused a temporary suspension of hostilities, and on the 12th May 1911, Richard, in the presence of his distinguished guests, celebrated his marriage with the Princess, Berengaria, who was crowned Queen of England by the Bishops of York and Evreux. Hearing shortly afterwards that Isaac had re-organised his army in the interior, Richard

set off with the main body of his forces to attack him, and sent the fleet round to Larnaca to co-operate. In consequence, probably, of the fact that the geography of the island was, at this time, but imperfectly known, the subsequent operations are not very clearly related by historians. It appears, however, that Guy de Lusignan was detached with a portion of the troops to Famagusta, which town he occupied without meeting with any resistance, Isaac having taken up his position in the Messaria Plain, near Tremithoussia, a place very suitable for cavalry movements. Richard quickly followed him to this spot and gave battle. The Anglo-Norman army attacked with great impetuosity, and for some time victory wavered. Isaac, anxious to encourage his followers, threw himself into the thickest of the fight, and encountering the King of England, struck at him with his battle-axe; he was, however, soon surrounded, dragged from his horse, and made a prisoner. Isaac's capture completed the discomfiture of the Greeks, who dispersed in all directions, without a thought for the defence of Nicosia; which town surrendered without resistance, and tendered its allegiance to King Richard. If the historians of the time are to be believed, the King, as a mark of his supremacy, then ordered the Cypriotes to cut off their beards.

The chief towns being now occupied, it only remained to reduce the strong castles in the north of the island, which would otherwise form places of refuge for the few Greeks who had not surrendered. Richard, being detained by illness at Nicosia, entrusted this task to Guy de Lusignan, who was a prominent figure in all the operations of the conquest of Cyprus. The castle of Cerinia or Kyrenia (*vide* map and photograph), was the first attacked; it soon capitulated, and Isaac's wife, daughter, and treasures fell into the hands of the English. Lusignan then marched against the castle of St Hilarion (*vide* photograph), which, after a brave resistance, was also forced to capitulate. Shortly afterwards the castles of Buffavento and Kantara opened their gates to Richard himself, and the subjugation of the island was then complete.

Such is, in brief, the history of the first English occupation of Cyprus, and it would be too long for me to relate here how Richard now turned his thoughts once more to his interrupted

CERINIA OR KYRENIA.

crusade, and carrying Isaac away with him in silver fetters, sailed for the Syrian coast. The island was left in charge of Richard de Canville and Robert de Turnham,* and shortly afterwards sold by Richard for 100,000 Saracenic golden besants (about £304,000 of our present money) to the Knights Templar. The subsequent fate of Isaac was an unhappy one, for, being handed over to the Hospitallers for safe custody, he was confined in the castle of Margat, near Tripoli, where he shortly afterwards died.

The Templars ruled the island with a heavy hand, so much so, indeed, that it was in a chronic state of revolt, and finding their government extremely unpopular, they were glad, with Richard's permission, to effect a re-sale of the island to Guy de Lusignan, who raised 60,000 besants, which were paid over to Richard, and Guy became virtually King of Cyprus in 1192, although it appears that he never actually assumed the title. He seems to have governed well during his short reign of one year and eleven months, and one of his first measures was the introduction of the feudal system. He was succeeded by his son, Amaury de Lusignan, and for three centuries the Lusignan Kings reigned over the island, until in 1474 Jacques III., dying an infant, his mother, Catherine de Cornaro, a lady of one of the oldest Venetian families, who owned property in Cyprus at Piskopi, carried on the government alone for about fifteen years; but finally, in 1489, surrendered the island to the Republic of Venice, which was desirous of obtaining it, not only for commercial purposes but as a good naval and military station from which it could threaten and annoy the southern Ottoman provinces in its wars with the Turks. A descendant of the Cornaro family was still living. at the beginning of the nineteenth century, at Venice.

I trust I may be forgiven for this long plunge into past history, but really the opportunity was too favourable a one to be lost, and Cyprus presents so many points of contact with the most exciting periods of the world's history from the very earliest times, that it is difficult to avoid touching upon some of the events that have left their mark upon the island.

* The tomb of the English Knight, Sir Robert de Turnham, still exists in the Cathedral of S. Nicolas at Famagusta (*vide* photograph).

CHAPTER II.

The Forests of Old—Origin of the Island's Name—Destruction of Forests by the Turk—Present-day Re-afforestation—The Problem of Irrigation—The Cyprus Wine Company—Peripedia—A Few Remarks on Geology.

OUR mules being now thoroughly rested, we quitted Zygos and its pretty neighbourhood with much regret, and began a steady pull up a spur of white calcareous limestone to a point called Five-Tree Hill, where the road crosses the spur, passing over a good timber bridge over Partridge Gorge. A little further on we came across a working party, in charge of the R.E. interpreter and general utility man, who rejoices in the splendid and high-sounding patronymic of Karalambi Papá-dopulós; but he is a very good man notwithstanding his name. They were repairing the road at a point where it is always very troublesome, especially after rain, for the chalky soil gets so slippery that it is with difficulty animals can keep their feet, and as there is a pretty considerable *khud* on one side of the road, it is rather an awkward part, and the best thing would be to build a good substantial parapet wall along the edge. We continued to rise steadily up to the seventeenth mile out from the depôt at Limasol, and then the road began to fall again. We were now some 1,800 feet above the sea, and were entering the wine country: but this is certainly not the time of year to see it, for the vines, which are very stunted in growth, were quite devoid of leaves, and the countryside looked bare and unattractive. The air, however, was delicious, and we all much enjoyed the drive along the road, which is here scarped from the mountainside several hundred feet above the little Kooris river, which flows over a rocky bed at the bottom

of a deep gorge. The river is, however, separated from the road by gradually descending spurs, covered with vineyards and cornfields. The whole of the Kooris valley is full of gorges, which have been scored out by the action of water, and the road has been carried so as to avoid the worst of them. Passing "Hawk Twist," it winds along the side of the valley above Monagria and Dhoros, and crossing over "Magpie" Gorge by an easy bridge, it reaches the "Woodcock" Gorge near Jagnia. The view, looking up the valley towards Troödos, which was some fourteen or fifteen miles distant, was very fine, and in the springtime the aspect of the country must be pleasing in the extreme.

We halted at a little wayside *khán* just short of the bridge over Woodcock Gorge, which is here about a couple of hundred feet wide and fifty or sixty deep, and thoroughly enjoyed the lunch which had been carefully provided for us by our kind host. I noticed a particularly fine oak tree growing near the gorge, the solitary remnant, I should say, of a large forest, which at one time probably clothed the slopes of the hills. There is no doubt that in former days Cyprus was exceedingly rich in timber, when the climate must have been very different to what it is now. We learn from ancient writers that when the island was first colonized in the far-off dim, mysterious past, by the descendants of Kittim, son of Javan, son of Japhet, who settled and founded the ancient Citium, the whole country was covered with forests. These forests were partially cleared away by the Phœnicians around their settlement for the purpose of cultivation and providing fuel for the smelting of the copper, which, according to Pliny, was first discovered in the island, and for which reason certain authorities have endeavoured to trace its name to the Roman Cyprum or Cuprum, copper, but it is much more probable that it received its name through its Greek population, who called it Kypros, which is believed to have

been derived from the Hebrew Kopher (Henna-Lawsonia Alba), a plant which is found there in great abundance, and much used in the East for the purposes of the toilette. However, be that as it may, there is every reason to suppose that the copper mines worked in ancient days at Tyrria, Tamassus, and Soli were extremely rich; and even up to comparatively modern times copper was still the most renowned metal in Cyprus. The mines appear, however, to have been completely neglected since the Turkish occupation, and it remains with us to once more establish a branch of industry and source of wealth which would be of great value, for Cyprus copper—the *æs cyprium* of the Romans—was considered superior in quality to any other *. The ancient rulers of Cyprus, whether Phœnicians, Egyptians, Greeks, Persians, Romans, Arabs, or Byzantines—and the island came under the domination of each race in succession—all appear to have given particular care and attention to the cultivation and protection of the fine forest trees which then contributed so materially to the prosperity of the island. Consequently, not only did stately pines and other trees cover the whole of the mountain ranges, but the entire plain was also clothed with a dense mass of forest. It is really very difficult to believe that this can have been the case, for, with the exception of the Olympus range, and some of the northern slopes, the country is entirely denuded of forest timber, and this is especially noticeable in the great Messaria plain, which is absolutely bare and treeless. The island, once so rich in forests, is now very scantily wooded. The mines worked by the Phœnicians, and the fleets of Alexander and Venice, are in part responsible for this state of things, but the Turks have the most to answer for, for they cut down trees, as is their custom, in the most reckless

* Since writing the above a syndicate has been formed and has been prospecting and opening out copper mines in the neighbourhood of the ancient workings at Limne, in the Paphos district, but with what success I have been unable to ascertain.

manner, and made no attempts at re-planting, although it is said that it was during the two first centuries of the Lusignan dynasty, the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, that the first serious attack was made upon the luxuriance of the Cyprian forests, when ship-building was carried on to an enormous extent, and no pains were taken to replace the trees used for this purpose.

The Venetians, who came next, were also great ship-builders, but had sufficient foresight to undertake a certain amount of planting. Their tenure of the island was, however, comparatively short, for in 1572 Cyprus fell under Turkish rule, and then at once commenced the ruthless destruction which, had it not been for our timely occupation, could only have ended in the conversion of the island into an arid waste. Von Löher supplies us with details concerning the various ways in which the improvidence and carelessness of the Turk have caused the disappearance of the forests. It appears that year after year the Pashas, Kaimakans, and Agas were in the habit of increasing their revenues by cutting down the trees, and leaving those which they could not sell to be appropriated by whoever chose to take them. Every maritime disaster entailed fresh demands upon the Cyprian forests. If a hundred trunks were wanted, a thousand were felled, it being slightly easier to select the finest trees when lying on the ground than when upright. The best were then taken away, and the rest left to rot where they lay. The forests were under no protection from Government, and the poorer classes were in the habit of deriving a considerable portion of their livelihood from the sale of the trees, which they cut down when they pleased. Near every village or inhabited spot the spoliation of the surrounding timber was evident. The small trees were cut down at the roots, whilst the larger ones, which would have entailed some labour to fell, had all their branches and bark hacked off. During the temporary occupation of the island by Egypt under Mehemet

Ali, 1832-1840, the work of destruction continued with, if possible, increased activity, shipments of timber to Egypt being permitted and encouraged. But, in addition to all this, a very large proportion of the forests were destroyed simply through either carelessness or wanton mischief. Fires in the woods were of very frequent occurrence, and were generally kindled by wandering shepherds or their families, who made no endeavour to check the devastation which frequently ensued. Von Löher mentions that he rode through several charred and blackened districts where it was quite evident that the progress of the fire had only been arrested by there being no more trees or shrubs to burn. He also says that the inhabitants of the different villages often set fire to each other's trees or shrubs in order to avenge a quarrel. Fine trees met with the same fate simply for the pleasure of seeing them burn; and it is even stated that this was an amusement frequently indulged in by ignorant shepherds in order to while away the time spent on the mountains. How true is the old Persian proverb; "Where the hoof of the Turkoman's horse passes, no grass grows!"

Our occupation of the island has in a great measure checked these abuses, but no general scheme of re-afforestation has been undertaken, presumably on account of the expense, and thus many valuable years have been lost. Some protection has been afforded to existing plantations, and some attempt made to extend their area; round the principal towns may be found clumps or avenues of eucalyptus, casuarina, ailanthus glandulosa, melia azedarach, and Australian wattle. The goats and cattle, which were in former years responsible for the destruction of certain varieties of young trees, have, however, been legislated against, and at all events one source of mischief has been minimized. It is not much to boast of, but still it is something. The Cypriot peasant, be he Christian or Mussalman, is convinced that wood, like air and water, has no other master than God, who made it. It seems as natural to him to go when he will

and cut wood, as to drink of the brook hard by when he is thirsty.

However, to return to our oak, which was an exceedingly fine tree, with grand, spreading branches: its mere presence was sufficient to indicate the destruction which has come upon the forests of Cyprus. There are few oak trees now in the island, and its almost complete disappearance must be put down to the export of its timber for ship-building.

At the *khán* we left our conveyance and transferred all our luggage to the backs of mules, and as soon as lunch was finished we mounted the ponies, which had been sent on ahead to wait for us, and started off to ride the remainder of the distance. This was not because the road was not suited to vehicular traffic, but so that we might take advantage of all the short mule cuts, and so lessen our journey considerably. From Woodcock Gorge down to the Kooris river the descent is as rapid as possible, the lower 170 feet consisting of the "Great Zig-Zag," which is about the heaviest piece of work on the road. The turns of the road are made very wide and easy, and are supported on towers of piled loose stones built in three or four tiers. The pretty little Kooris river is crossed by a three-span bridge, which is thrown across the glen down which the stream of deliciously cold, clear water was rushing. There is an aqueduct on each side of the river here, which has had to be carried under the embankment of the bridge, the heavy retaining wall in each case being borne by an arch. These aqueducts supply, some mills lower down, the valley. The bridge is known as the Silico Bridge, and is some 1,500 feet above the sea, and 20 miles out by road from Limasol. After leaving Silico Bridge, the scenery begins to get very fine and striking. The road passes along the face of a cliff of very friable chalk marl, peculiarly liable to landslips by the percolation of water from above blowing out the bottom of the slopes with enormous hydraulic power; and here it has

been necessary to make special drainage arrangements to carry off all surface water above the road, as well as to build up the retaining walls right from the bed of the river below; and to do this the bed of the river itself had to be diverted. But with all the care taken this part of the road is constantly getting out of order, and serious landslips take place, which not only carry away the road in places, but also sometimes dam up the course of the Kooris river and pond back the water in the valley above until the tops of trees growing along the margin of the stream have been nearly submerged. Just at this point the gorge through which the Kooris forces itself is singularly narrow, being certainly not more than a hundred yards wide between the rounded calcareous bluffs on either side, which are extremely precipitous, not to say vertical. The lower stratum of limestone on which the upper beds rest appears to be much more compact, and the water has cut itself a deep channel through this only a few feet wide—like a miniature *cañon*, in fact. It seems extraordinary that no advantage has been taken of the existence of the above favourable spot, and of the many similar ones which must exist in the deep gorges draining the Olympus range, to construct dams and storage reservoirs where the winter rains and melted snows might be ponded up for summer use, instead of letting the water in a great measure run to waste. One of the great wants in Cyprus is water-power, and although there are springs and sub-soil water in abundance, and a considerable rain (averaging about 15 to 20 inches in the year) and snowfall in the mountains, very little effort, beyond the expenditure of an Imperial loan of £60,000, chiefly devoted to the improvement of irrigation in the Messaria plain, has been made to husband the supplies, and so render the island more or less independent of the seasons. There is still a great opening for the Cyprus Government to take up the question of irrigation in its widest application, and by the

construction of storage reservoirs, æromotors for pumping up sub-soil water, and artesian wells, each in its own favourable locality, and thus confer an enormous benefit on the country.

The view up the Kooris valley, from this point, is singularly attractive, with the rugged bluffs and scarped cliffs on the opposite side of most variegated hues, whilst down below the little river meanders through a smiling valley dotted with the olive and myrtle. Every available inch of soil is under cultivation, the plough being worked by oxen to the very verge of the cliffs. The atmosphere was so clear that the pine-clad slopes of Troödos in the background appeared quite close, although still some miles distant. The road now followed a steep hill-side round the end of a line of hills known as the "Raven's Cliff," and long, twisting ascent carried us up to the little village of Kouka, and so on to the saddle-back above Peripedia, which is 2,660 feet above the sea. A small zig-zag took us down into the valley, and we came in sight of the commodious stores and dwelling-house of the Cyprus Wine Company, where we were to stay the night. What a charming spot, and seen by the light of the afternoon sun it really looked most enchanting! The house of the local manager of the company is a long, one-storeyed building of greyish limestone, with red-tiled roof, perched up on the side of the hill overhanging the valley; and immediately beneath it, and forming a part of the building, as it were, are the wine presses, refining rooms, and store-houses full of vats and huge casks of country wine. The ground around is being rapidly taken up as an orchard and garden, in which were apple and pear trees, the plum and the apricot; and at the foot of the slope leading down to the little stream watering the valley, a row of magnificent plane and oak trees. The hedges in the valley were covered with the briar of the blackberry and the dog-rose; in fact, the vegetation had changed to that of Europe. Across the valley, on a spur almost a mile distant, was perched the neatly-built village of Peripedia;

and the whole country-side showed evident signs of rich cultivation, the hills to the south being covered with vineyards right up to their summits; whilst the fields in the low-lying ground about the stream were dotted with cattle and mules grazing.

It is very curious what a distinct geological division there is here; the hills to the south-west and trending east and west are of chalky marls and cretaceous limestone, some of the hills being of intense whiteness, notably one rounded mass just opposite the village of Peripedia; whilst the hills to the north in the immediate neighbourhood of the company's premises consist of rounded masses of ironstone covered with magnolia and dwarf oaks. Further on towards Troödos everything was plutonic or granitic, including gneiss, syenite, and metamorphic rocks of various kinds, but the general character of the country on this side was reddish, in marked contrast to the prevailing whitish colouring on the other side of the valley.

And here it may not be uninteresting to say something on the general physical and geological features of the island.

Physically speaking, Cyprus consists of two distinct mountain systems—the Olympus range and the Kyrenia and Karpas range, which borders the north coast—separated from one another by a large plain called the Messaria. The Olympus range, which is the most extensive as well as the most lofty, occupies the whole of the western and south-western portions of the island, and thence trends along the south coast, where it terminates in the isolated peak called Monte St Croce (*vide* photograph), or Stavrovouni (The Mountain of the Holy Cross), about twelve miles west of Larnaca. Mount Troödos, which is the highest point in this range, and indeed in the whole island, is some 6,500 feet above the sea, and is said to have been the ancient Olympus. This range throws off on all sides of it, from its central mass, subordinate ranges or spurs of considerable altitude, one of which extends to Cape Arnauti, and fills up the north-western extremity of the island. Other spurs, called

KYKKO MONASTERY.

the Kykko mountains, of which the highest summit is 4,603 feet above sea-level, and on which is situated the principal monastery in the island, founded about 1,100 A.D. (*vide* photograph), branch off northwards from the western part of the range towards Pomo point, and numerous ramifications extend towards the southern coast. The main mass of these mountains is of igneous or plutonic origin, and it covers about a quarter of the whole island, extending in a continuous line from west to east. Gaudry, in his *Recherches Scientifiques en Orient Pendant les Années* 1853-4, which contains the best geological description of the island extant, considers the plutonic rocks to form the main mass of the Olympus range, where they consist chiefly of greenstone, hornblende, diorite, augite, gabbro, aphanite, etc., whilst quartzite, quartz-bearing trachyte and other rocks of undoubted volcanic origin are found only in isolated patches. Diorite, diabase, gabbro and such-like rocks form the chief components of the mountains in the south-west of the island, where they rise to a height of from 2,000 to 6,000 feet above the sea, and form a continuous range, averaging about twenty-five miles in breadth, from Monte St Croce to Troödos, and thence to the sea.

The northern range, called the Karpas mountains, and towards their western extremity, the Kyrenia mountains, forms a continuous chain bordering the northern shore from Cape St Andrea to Cape Kormatiki, a distance of about 100 miles. The summit of this range consists throughout of a narrow but rocky and rugged ridge, which is generally within about three miles of the coast. At the foot of the northern slope, which is very abrupt, there is a narrow and fertile plain, which is well watered and has a productive soil. On the south side the country falls to the Messaria Plain, which forms the centre of the island. A compact limestone, according to Gaudry, of secondary or cretaceous age, forms the axis of this northern range. Gaudry makes it identical with the masses of zippurite

limestone which abound in the south of Europe, and which reappear in Asia and Africa, whereas other authorities consider it to be of Jurassic formation. Plutonic rocks appear here and there above the compact limestone in isolated domes, and the aphonite and quartz-porphyry, which appear in places on either side of the rugged limestone rocks, give evidence of the rocks which, though hidden by more recent formations, underlie the whole island. The sandstones, which are found almost exclusively in this range, where they overlie the limestone, are probably of *eocene* age, but in the absence of organic remains their true geological age is difficult to determine.

The Messaria Plain consists of a white, chalky marl of middle tertiary age, which formation also covers a very large portion of the island, and is very productive, and is evidently connected with the white, chalky limestone which forms so large a portion of the mountains throughout the island, such as those which lie between Peripedia and the sea, and as later on we shall see, between Larnaca and Stavrovouni.

To those who want more information on the subject I cannot do better than refer them to the *Handbook of Cyprus* (1907), compiled by Sir J. T. Hutchinson, M.A., Chief Justice of Ceylon, and C. Delaval Cobham, C.M.G., Commissioner of Larnaca, published by Stanford, and also to Chapter IX. of Captain Savile's book on Cyprus, and, indeed, the general conclusions therein arrived at are so interesting that I make no apology for quoting them *in extenso*:

"Accepting for the present Gaudry's assertion that the compact limestones are of the secondary, or cretaceous epoch, and putting aside the doubt as to whether the pseudo-plutonic rocks may possibly be older formations which have undergone a process of metamorphism, then, although the absence of fossils in this limestone prevents its exact age from being known with certainty, we may consider it to be the oldest formation in the island; and from its fine grain and homogeneous

texture and colour, extending over a large area, where not modified by the contact of eruptive rocks, we may further assume that it has been deposited beneath a very deep and tranquil sea.

"The sandstones which overlie this formation were also formed beneath the sea, but under different conditions and in shallow water; for their remarkable tabular appearance and their very changeable texture, being in some places very hard and in others quite friable, seem to indicate the existence of strong under-currents, as well as subsequent pressure, and variable cementation.

"That the marls which succeed were formed in deep sea appears evident from their fine texture and the rarity of fossils; probably no violent commotion or sudden change of circumstances separated this formation from that below it. The *miocene* age (according to Gaudry), closed with an upheaval of the island from the bottom of the sea, and the two great systems of mountains at present existing then first appeared above the water, the northern chain, which is less lofty than the other, being perhaps at this period separated into several small islands. Whether this upheaval arose from vertical or lateral pressure is difficult to determine, and the question as to the true age and formation of the greenstone, diorite, and other plutonic (or, perhaps, metamorphic) rocks, must for the present be left in abeyance.

"Drs Unger and Kotschy (joint authors of *Die Insel Cypern*, which is the best botanical description of the island, and also contains a very good account of its geology), remark that the dislocations and disturbances of the strata which are perceptible in the older rocks appear to have a local character, and do not seem to have been coeval with the general uplifting of the island, and they consider that the eruption of trachyte, though small, may have had no small share in these disturbances. The portion of the island left submerged in com-

paratively shallow water was now covered by the *pliocene* fossiliferous deposit, after which a slight upheaval took place, and the quaternary conglomerates and sands were next formed. Lastly, the whole island was raised by an extensive upheaval of about 500 feet, and it then assumed its present form and relief. It is believed that this alteration of level was preceded by violent storms, which had the effect of washing away a great portion of the conglomerate deposit. The littoral cordon, which contains numerous fossils almost identical with living species, is similar to that which appears on nearly all the eastern shores of the Mediterranean; its formation is, therefore, due to something more than a local occurrence, and has been attributed to a general fall in the level of the water in the Mediterranean, and it is very possible that this is t he true solution. These changes do not seem to be by any means at an end, for in both pre-historic times, and even up to the present day, they have continued under the form of earthquakes and alterations of level of greater or less force and extent.

"Drs Unger and Kotschy consider that the upheaval by which the marine sedimentary strata of the island were raised above the level of the sea probably established a land communication with Syria. This supposition alone may account for the concordance of the Cyprian *fauna* and *flora* with those of the neighbouring continent. The connection, if not removed by ordinary erosion, may have been taken away by the sinking of the isthmus shortly before the historic period, in consequence of one of the commotions alluded to above."

That copper, iron and other metals, as well as various valuable minerals, including, perhaps, even coal, exist in the island, there can be little doubt, but as far as I could hear, nothing had been done towards making a geological survey of the country. In fact, like everything else, this is one of those things that have been postponed till the Greek Kalends for want of funds.

NEAR PERIPEDIA.

From a drawing by Capt. A. F. U. Green, R.A.

CHAPTER III.

Troödos—Want of Enterprise due to England's Halting Policy—The Wine Industry of Cyprus—The Causes of its Decline.

IT was about four p.m. when we arrived at the factory, and we were all glad of a wash and change, preparatory to a stroll round the premises, which promise in a few years time to become almost a pocket edition of Kew Gardens, from the number and varieties of trees, etc., that have been planted out. The air felt quite sharp, and as soon as it grew dark we adjourned indoors to tea, and thoroughly enjoyed sitting over a blazing log fire until dinner time. The dinner was excellent, the native beef especially being as tender and juicy as any I ever tasted out of the old country, and after a day spent in the open air it was thoroughly enjoyed. Our hosts produced some of the wine of their own making, which was much superior to any I had tasted before, and it went exceedingly well with some country-grown filberts. We sat chatting over the fire till past ten o'clock, and then were glad enough to turn in under plenty of blankets, for the night was uncommonly cold.

The next morning we were up at sunrise. The air was simply glorious—just like a fresh October morning in England. I took advantage of the delay before breakfast to take some photographs of the village of Peripedia across the valley, from the verandah of the house, and of the pass leading into the mountains in the direction of Mandria, which give one a better idea than any amount of description of the scenery of this part of the island, and I am sorry that I can only produce one of them here (*vide* photograph). At breakfast we had

some most excellent jam and honey, both products of the neighbourhood, and at 9.30 were ready to start on our ponies by the short cut which leads over the hills to the north and joins the military road again at the thirty-third mile, just short of the village of Platris. This saves a considerable detour up the Mandria valley, and was formerly one of the main communications—Heaven save the mark!—of this part of the island. In places the track was just wide enough for our ponies' feet to rest upon, and as there was a *Khud* some 150 feet deep on one side, which in most places was a regular precipice, one's feelings, until one gets accustomed to it, can be better imagined than described. However, Cyprus ponies —like the mules—are wonderfully sure-footed, and can climb like cats, and the only thing to do is to let them have their heads, and pray for the end of the journey. The country through which we were passing was reddish in colour and broken up into rounded hillocks, partially covered with stumpy, dried-up-looking vines, magnolia and arbutus shrubs; whilst the deep gorge, along the edge of which we were riding for the most time, was fringed at the bottom with plane and willow trees. A pretty rough descent brought us down to the stream at the bottom of the glen, and about a mile further on we joined the military road again. This short cut saves some four and a half to five miles on the cart road, which crosses the stream at Peripedia on a trestle bridge, and then passes up a gorge almost due west, there being some very heavy cutting on the road through solid granite. Just short of the bridge the Wine Company has built a small house (*vide* photo.) to contain one of Blake's (of Accrington, Lancashire) patent triple-throw hydraulic rams. This is worked by a stream of water brought down in a 4-inch cast-iron pipe from a small reservoir 28 feet above it, constructed on the bank of the stream above. This throws 10,000 gallons per day of 12 hours

KATO PLATRIS.

From a Photograph by J. P. Foscolo, Limasol.

through a 1½-inch delivery pipe, up into a reservoir built on the hill behind the factory, some 140 feet above the ram. This reservoir, of course, commands any part of the factory buildings and premises, and is not only a safeguard against fire, but provides a splendid water-supply for every purpose. The ram, when once started, which can be done in a moment, is absolutely self-acting, and I was told that the whole installation had only cost £90, and beyond a few shillings expended in fresh seatings, it had cost nothing during the three years it had been in use. I had never seen one of these rams before, and I must say I was immensely taken with it. Suppose the reservoirs that I alluded to a little while ago were constructed, what an admirable means we should have here of lifting water up to higher levels, and thus irrigating the fields, which now only receive precarious and uncertain watering during the rainy season!

After reaching a watershed at a point called "Mulberry Top," an easy, winding descent through vineyards leads down to the substantially-built village of Mandria, crossing one bridge over "Ferndale" stream on sleepers. It leaves the village about half a mile to the south, and then bends sharply round to the north through the end of a spur, which has necessitated some pretty heavy cutting, and crosses a stream running out of Mount Troödos by the Mandria bridge, after which it keeps up a gently sloping valley, past the village of Kato Platris, at an even gradient of 1 in 30, in a north-easterly direction. This is a very pretty valley, the stream running through it being shaded by groves of walnut, oak, and olive trees of great size, whilst the hills on either side are covered with vineyards. Near Platris, which is 3,600 feet above the sea, the road comes on to the edge of a deep gorge containing the same stream it crossed at Peripedia, and continues for nearly another mile along it to some small but flat terraces,

which is the highest level ground in this district. On this level ground the Army Service Corps stables and depôt are established, and it was at this point that all the supplies, etc., for use in the Camp at Troödos, used to be transferred from carts to mules; but now the road has been continued on all the way up the mountain by working parties drawn from the various regiments stationed up there during the summer months.

Platris village is very picturesquely situated, nestling against the side of a hill covered with pine trees, which were looking beautifully fresh and green in the morning sunlight, whilst behind, to the east, rose the sombre mass of Troödos itself, cleft by the deep gorge, down which flowed the little stream we had encountered so often on our way up. The houses of the village, like those of most other villages in Cyprus, have flat roofs which form terraces, and these against the hill behind looked like gigantic flights of steps.

What a pity it is that some enterprising man has not taken up the subject of hotels for Cyprus, in which the island is singularly deficient. There is one good hotel at Larnaca, the "Royal," and hotels of a kind at the other principal towns. In the villages the traveller can always hire a room; and it is the duty of the *Mukhtar* to provide, on pre-payment, quarters, food, and forage for Government officers travelling on duty. But, as a rule, the traveller has to carry his own provisions and cooking appliances and cook; he is lucky if he finds a room free from fleas and bugs; and sanitary arrangements, where they exist at all, are generally primitive and filthy. A hotel at Platris, on a modest scale, after the pattern of the hotels in the hills in India, would be a great institution. Water is good and plentiful, and supplies of all kinds in the way of fowls, beef, mutton, fruit and vegetables are cheap and abundant. This should be in connection with a small hotel at

Limasol, where travellers could be accommodated on landing, if necessary, and a regular *tonga-dâk* (pony or mule-cart service), or motor-transport established to run between the two places. If there were regular and reliable communication between Alexandria and Limasol, it would then be quite possible to leave Cairo, say, by the 9.30 a.m. train one day, and be up at Platris in a delicious climate by mid-day on the second day following, after having spent the night at Limasol. What a boon this would be to those who are debarred by the expense or by other reasons from leaving Egypt for any length of time to go to Europe or the Lebanon, can only be appreciated by those whom an unkindly fate has tied to the land of the Pharaohs during the hot and weary months of an Egyptian summer.

After leaving Platris the road becomes considerably steeper, but the gradients are still easy enough to allow of wheeled traffic, and the scenery begins to be really fine. The rocky spurs and slopes of the mountain sides are covered with a beautiful undergrowth of evergreens, including the light green foliage of the arbutus, the dark green ilex and the wild olive, out of which shoot lofty pines, growing loftier and of greater girth the higher up we went.

The pine trees in Troödos are really magnificent, and consist almost entirely of the *pinus laricio* and the *pinus maritima*. The former is a very handsome tree with dark foliage and regularly drooping branches, widening out towards the base Some of the trees I saw must have been at least seventy or eighty feet in height, and ten or twelve feet in girth. It was sad to see many of these giants of the forest lying prone among the undergrowth of bracken, and rotting on the hill-sides, but at the same time it was comforting to observe young trees of fourteen or fifteen years' growth to last year's seedlings springing up thickly all over the mountain among the older

trees, showing that something had already been accomplished towards re-clothing the denuded slopes of Olympus, which the British occupation was just in time to save from the melancholy fate of so much of the rest of the island.

The *pinus maritima* is lighter in foliage than the *pinus laricio*, and its branches are more spreading, but it grows to about the same size, and both species are rich in tar and turpentine, which is one of the chief causes that have led to their wholesale destruction. In fact, it is due almost entirely to the reckless and wasteful manner in which the tar burners and resin distillers carried on their business under the old Turkish *régime* that the mountain sides have become as denuded as they are; for goats, those great enemies of all aboriculture in southern countries, apparently fight shy of these pines even in their earliest growth.

Von Löher, whom I have quoted before, in speaking of the manner in which the distillers used to ply their business, says: —"Operations are commenced by stripping off the bark on one side, the finest trees being always selected, as high as a man can reach, and the resin taken. Fire is then applied to the base of the trunk, and a few hours suffice to lay it low. The branches are then lopped off, and, with portions of the trunk, are heaped into a roughly constructed oven formed of quarried stone. Fire is then applied to the wood, and the resin pours forth into a little channel cut to receive it. The first fruits of this process are called *kolophonium*, and the second resin, whilst the last result forms a kind of tar. Half the resin is, of course, wasted in this rough process, and when the devastators have taken of the best the hillsides afford, they climb down to another green and luxuriant spot, there to recommence their work of destruction." Gaudry also remarked that when a peasant wished to sow grain up in the mountains, he simply burnt the trees down which stood upon the spot, their ashes

CALEDONIA FALL.

From a Photograph by J. P. Foscolo, Limasol.

serving to enrich the soil for a few years, during which it was cultivated, and when this piece of land was worked out he repeated the same process in some other place, and so on *ad infinitum*.

However, it appeared to me so well had those pines planted themselves in every favourable locality during the past few years, that in a few years' time careful thinning out of the young trees is what would be required, if good timber is to be obtained, much more than artificial planting.

The scenery every moment became more and more attractive, and soon we sighted the horizon line of the sea over the tops of the trees, and the intervening lower hills in the direction of Akrotiri and Limasol, which was plainly visible, the houses looking like a white patch on the margin of the blue Mediterranean. We passed one beautiful glen, down which, even at this season of the year, a pretty waterfall was tumbling over a rocky bed margined with arbutus, myrtle and bracken. This is known as the Caledonia Fall, and close by is a spot which forms a very favourite camping-ground in the summer season.

The air was now becoming unpleasantly cold, and it looked very much as if we were in for a heavy fall of snow, so we trotted on, and by 11 a.m. reached the engine-house, which contains the portable engine used for pumping up the water for the supply of the camp during the summer months into a couple of iron distributing tanks some 300 feet above. It must have been a big business to have brought this engine all the way up from the coast, for the road in the time of Major Chard, R.E., V.C., of Rorke's Drift fame, who was then in charge of military works in the island, was nothing like as good as it is now. The water is drawn from a small stream which runs past the engine-house, and is forced up in a 3-inch pipe to the camp, where it is distributed everywhere under

pressure. It would be very much more economical to put in a Blake's ram and do away with the engine, which might be sold for agricultural purposes in the plains, for coal alone costs over £100 per annum, and an engine-driver has to be sent every year at the commencement of the summer months from the R.E. Company in Egypt, which is in itself a considerable expense.

Snow had already fallen slightly, and the road onwards to the plateau, on which the camp was pitched in summer, was covered to a depth of two or three inches. The plateau, which is by no means the summit of Olympus, is clothed with splendid pine trees of great size, and the ground, except where artificially cleared, is covered with bracken. What a glorious spot for a camp! In the summer time a whole battalion used to be camped up here in a miniature canvas town, and this was reduced to the wing of a regiment, and now, alas, there is only one company kept in the island to enjoy the delightful air and scenery of this most perfect sanatorium. How it reminded me of the Himalayas, and I felt inclined to shout aloud, so buoyant was the feeling in the atmosphere. In the summer it must be simply lovely to be up here in the midst of these pine woods and explore all the glens which are cut out of the mountain on every side.

"Oh! forest green and fair,
Oh! pine trees, waving high;
How sweet your cool retreat,
How full of rest."

However, just at the time of which I am writing, it was if anything rather too cool, not to say cold, and a rapid retreat down again seemed the wisest course to adopt, for the mist was rising out of the valleys, and the beautiful views across towards the still higher mountains of Poli-ton-Khrysokus were becoming rapid y obscured. There was no time to be lost, so

TROÖDOS LOOKING TOWARDS POLI-TON-KHRYSOKUS.

From a Drawing by Capt. A. F. U. Green, R.A.

I put my camera together and took the accompanying view before the light failed entirely. The snow on this plateau lies, in winter time, to a depth of 10 or 20 feet, and the huts and stores are often buried completely out of sight. There are three substantial stone barracks of handsome appearance, each capable of housing twenty men, with the necessary cook-houses and adjuncts, and these had only just been completed prior to the removal of the battalion which was up here in the summer. The rest of the men were, of course, in tents, whilst the married families found shelter in a few wooden huts scattered about the plateau.

What a pity it does seem that we never appear to have any fixed policy—or rather, pretend that we have not—with regard to a place, but just let things drift on in a haphazard fashion, like Mr Micawber, waiting to see what will turn up. I think we are very much to blame in the matter. In Egypt there is a certain amount of excuse—the jealousy of the Powers at our success; but in Cyprus there is none. The Convention of 1878 gave us a free hand, and rightly much was expected of us, but in nowise do we seem to have acted up to our responsibilities. Had the island been simply conveyed by Turkey to England as a free gift, or as a *quid pro quo* for value received, or to be received under certain contingences, it would have at once become part and parcel of the British Empire, confidence would have been established in the stability of the *status quo*, and by this time the island would be far on its way to being what it ought to be—the gem of the Eastern seas.

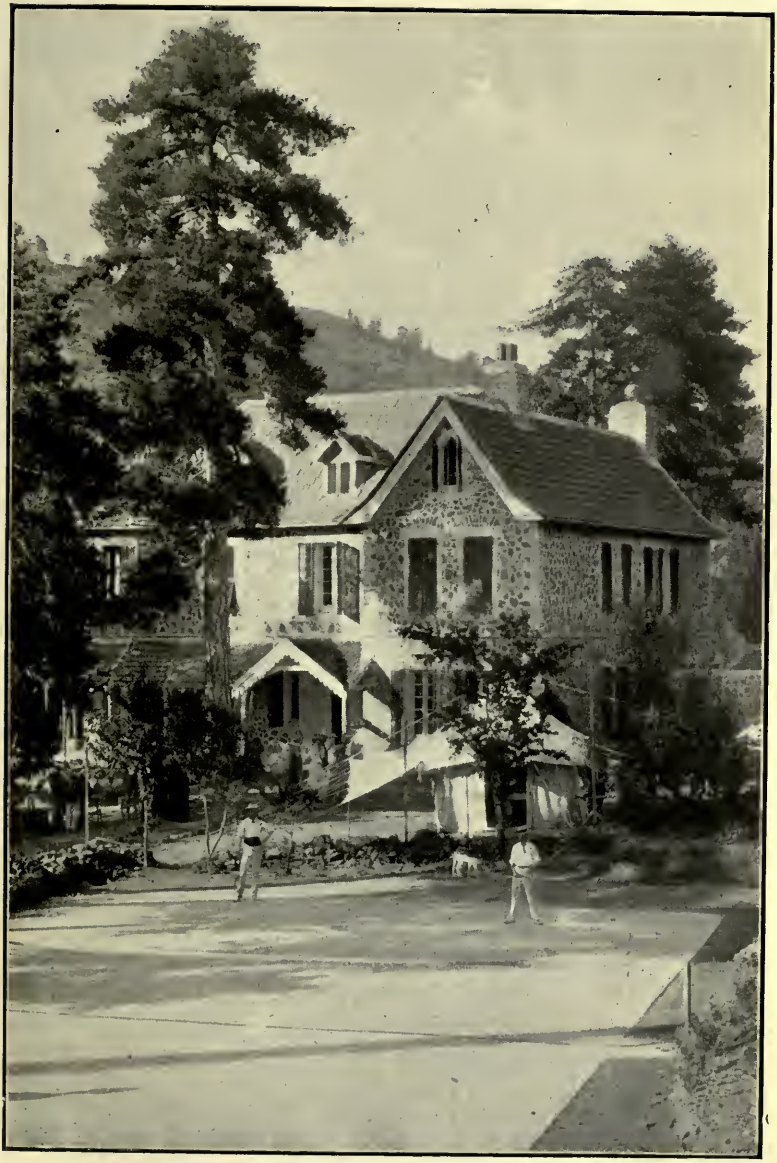
However, I am wandering into politics, which should be *tabu*, but I would recommend anybody to read Chapter XIX of Sir Samuel Baker's book, *Cyprus as I saw it in* 1879, and the political reflections therein contained, which, viewed by the light of events in Asia Minor and Turkey, is a scathing

indictment of the policy we have pursued since we took over the island.

But to return to our muttons. We were now becoming almost torpid with the cold, so we left the plateau, where there was a cold wind blowing off the Caramanian Mountains on the mainland to the north, enough to cut one in two, and turned to the comfort of the sunshine on the southern slopes down by the Governor's "cottage," a fine roomy house in the Gothic style (*vide* photograph), substantially built of blue lias random rubble masonry, with rusticated freestone dressings and mouldings. Sheltered from the north, and surrounded by pine trees, we were tolerably warm in the bright sunshine, and thoroughly enjoyed an *al fresco* lunch on the tennis court in front of His Excellency's abode. Of course, the Governor is only here during the summer months, the rest of the year being spent at Nicosia or on tour, and I can imagine few more delightful retreats, but it must be a little dull, especially now that so much of the military element has been eliminated.

The mid-day sun was shining gloriously as we turned plainwards again and rode slowly down the mountain, enjoying the ever-changing view of forest, hill, and dale, with the glittering sea as a background in the far, far distance, some thirty miles away. As we descended, the air became more and more delightful, and we had soon left Platris behind us. Taking the cart-road past Kato Platris, instead of the short cut we had come up by, we rode through a country covered with vines, and walnuts, oaks, and olives in profusion, down a perfect road as far as Peripedia again, which we reached at 4.30 p.m. We were glad of our tea after our long day out in the open air, and then sat chatting round the fire until dinner time.

I had a long talk with the younger Mr C——, who was then the working manager of the factory at which the wine



SUMMER RESIDENCE OF H.E. THE GOVERNOR.

of the Cyprus Wine Company was made at Peripedia, and he showed me, too, over the distillery, wine presses, racking vats, and stores where the wine is barrelled off, as well as the coopering establishment, etc. The last grape season, he told me, was a very abundant one, and the Company only paid ¼d. an *oke* (2⅝ lbs.), for grapes delivered at the factory. Three and a half *okes* make one gallon of wine, which contains 16 per cent. of alcohol; and one gallon of brandy, 4 per cent. over proof, or 63 per cent. of alcoholic strength, can be made from between four and five gallons of wine. That is to say, the grapes to make one gallon of wine (about six bottles), cost that year only about one penny, and for a gallon of brandy less than sixpence. The rough, astringent "Mavro" (black), made by the natives, is sold for 10s. the 128 *okes* (about thirty-two gallons), or a trifle more than ½d. a bottle, and, as far as I could judge, is very dear at the money.

Cyprus has always been a wine-producing country, and the vines of Madeira were derived from stocks transplanted there during the rule of the Venetians, and in all probability the variety known as "Commanderia," an extremely rich and luscious, grape-producing vine, which derives its name from a Commandery formerly belonging to the Knights Templar at Kolossi, where there is still the ruin of an old Norman keep, about six miles west of Limasol, on the road to Baffo, is the parent stock of the Madeira vines. Commanderia is a sweet Malmsey wine, strong and heady, and when quite new is the colour of brown sherry, but after two or three years it becomes much lighter in colour. It eventually, however, turns almost black, and becomes of a syrupy consistency like honey. The cheap black and red common wines called "Mavro" are grown chiefly in the Limasol district on the white marls and cretaceous limestones, whilst the Commanderia is produced on the reddish, chocolate-coloured soil of the metamorphous rocks.

The great drawback to these wines is the strong taste of tar with which they are impregnated, due to their being stored in casks and skins which have been coated with pitch to prevent them leaking. Of course, formerly, when there were no roads in the country, the wine had to be carried in goat-skins on mules to the port of export, and to prevent their rotting the skins were prepared with tar, which very naturally imparted its abominable flavour to the wine. The Cyprus Wine Company, by very judiciously placing their factory on the military road to the port of Limasol, in the heart of the wine-producing district is, of course, able to rack off the wine into proper casks and transport it by carts direct to the port of embarkation, and there is no doubt that what is now required is more roads through the vine districts. These need only be of sufficient width to allow a mule cart to travel safely along them, with sidings at intervals to let them pass one another. The Wine Company has already done a good work as a pioneer in teaching the Cypriotes how to improve the manufacture of their wines, and doubtless the large increase which had taken place prior to 1896 in the area of land devoted to the cultivation of wines was in a considerable measure due to their initiative.

Much, however, remains to be done if the wines of Cyprus are ever to compete on favourable terms in the English market with those of the Cape and Australia even. But still, improved methods of cultivation and manufacture, and the careful adaptation of the vines to the nature of the soil on which they are grown, which is of the very highest importance, cannot but have a marked influence on the amount of wine that would be absorbed by those markets which are still open to receive the 2,000,000 gallons or so of wine produced annually, the bulk of which goes to Egypt.

Passing as I now was through one of the principal

vine-growing districts about Peripedia, where every effort had been made, it appeared to me, to extend the area of the vineyards in all directions, even to the summit of the mountains, in places unsuitable for any other kind of cultivation, I was much surprised a little later on to learn from the principal forest officer, Mr A. K. Bovill, that it was being overdone, and that the wine industry, in consequence of the depreciation in the value of wine at that time, was passing through a very severe economic crisis. Nor was the cause of this far to seek. France, the greatest wine-producing country in the world, found her vineyards almost destroyed by the invasion of that terrible pest, *phylloxera*, which between the years 1875 and 1885 reduced the area under vineyards from 6,382,000 acres to 2,868,000 acres, and from being a country exporting some 100,000,000 gallons of wine a year, she was driven to import more than double that quantity for home consumption alone. The natural consequence was an enormous impulse given to the extension of vineyards in all the vine-growing countries on the Mediterranean coasts, with the view of meeting the large demands of the French market. The French Government, by dint of almost superhuman efforts, and chiefly by the introduction of American vines, which successfully resist the attacks of the parasite, for the purpose of grafting on them the European vine, succeeded, however, in grappling with a danger which at one time threatened to destroy her vineyards altogether, and as a result of this renovation and re-extension of the vineyards in France, its wine production was in a few years so enormously increased that it became necessary to exclude foreign wines and raisins by every possible means which protection can place in the hands of a Government not tied hand and foot by the *ignis fatuus* of Free Trade.*

In his haste to make hay while the sun shone, the Cypriote

* This was written as long ago as 1896. Are we any wiser now?

peasant extended his vine cultivation to its utmost limits, running, in the majority of instances, into debt to enable him to do so, with the result that most of the villages in the vine-growing districts of Cyprus hardly managed to pay their way. Of late years matters have had a tendency to improve, but much remains still to be accomplished before Cyprus wines are able to compete at all successfully in the English market with the low-priced clarets and dinner wines of our French neighbours.

A GROUP OF VILLAGERS (TURKISH) FROM THE CERINIA DISTRICT.

CHAPTER IV.

The Hassan Poli—Start for Nicosia—Amathus—Antiquities of Cyprus—General di Cesnola—Sketch of the History of the Island from the Earliest Times.

AFTER dinner we were regaled with stories of the Hassan Poli, a band of ruffians who had joined themselves to two brothers, outlawed for murder and other offences, and who were then at large in the mountains of the Baffo district, where they were reported to be living at free quarters on the villagers, and committing all kinds of atrocities. I took these stories with a very large pinch of salt, and for its population I fancy Cyprus is remarkably free from crime of a serious nature, and the policing of the island is not a matter of much difficulty. In fact, I suppose there are fewer places in the East where one could wander about unarmed in such absolute security and be dependent for assistance and supplies on the inhabitants of the country as in Cyprus. Since leaving the island I have heard that the Hassan Poli had all been caught or shot, and the brothers hanged.

Next morning we were up at sunrise, and I amused myself till breakfast time taking photographs. The light was perfect, and the views exceedingly pretty. At about 10 a.m. we started off to ride down; and I think the views were, if anything, finer going down than coming up, owing to the position of the sun. The air was positively delightful in its freshness and purity, and I enjoyed the ride immensely. At Lamia we found our mule carriage waiting for us, and soon rattled down to Zygos bridge, where we halted for lunch. We met long strings of mules coming up from the plains, driven by picturesque but exceedingly dirty-looking Cypriotes, both Greek and Turk, in brilliantly-coloured garments and high boots, which the peasants, both male and

female, invariably wear on account of the thistles in the fields. They seemed a cheery lot of people, and most of them were laughing or singing as they came along. The road, however, in places was so narrow that some of the mules had as much as they could do to squeeze by without going over the edge of the *khud*.

We drove right up to the Camp at Polimedia, which was reached at 3.30 p.m., and having packed up my things, Mr C— drove me into Limasol, and on to the house of the Commissioner, Mr Mitchell, who had kindly offered to put me up. Here I was received with the greatest kindness, and stayed the whole of the following day, whilst horses were being laid out on the road to take me to Nicosia, the capital of the island, where I proposed to inspect the hut barracks, etc., that were to be handed over to Engineer charge after being dismantled by the Barrack Department, now that a detachment of troops was no longer to be maintained there.

A thorough inspection of all the buildings at the depôt took up the morning, and the rest of the day I spent at a photographer's in the town developing the photographs I had taken. I must say I should never have troubled myself with a camera had I known that Limasol boasted of such a master in the art as Mr Foscolo, and I was very pleased to supplement my poor attempts with a selection from his very excellent collection of views taken all over the island. There is nothing to see in Limasol except an old fort, ascribed to Guy de Lusignan and taken by the Egyptians in 1425, and the largest Orthodox church built since our occupation of the island. It is the great centre of the caroub and wine trades. I was glad, therefore, when Mr Mitchell had finished his work in the Government Office at the *Konak* and drove me out of town again to his picturesque house near the sea, of which a photograph has already been given, where I amused myself until dinner time reading up a report by Mr Brown, C.E., on a proposed harbour at Famagusta, which for many years never got beyond the report stage, but which will be dealt with later on.

It was still dark when I turned out the next morning (23rd November), but it was not long before the first signs of dawn began to appear in the eastern sky, and soon the sun rose gloriously over the sea, lighting up the peaks of the distant mountains with a roseate flush, while below, the slopes remained in deep blue shadow. It was a lovely morning, bracing without being cold, and one felt thoroughly invigorated after a sound night's rest. My kind hosts had very thoughtfully provided a most substantial breakfast for me at half-past seven, and all the family came down to wish me *bon voyage*. My traps were soon put on board the extraordinary vehicle which had been hired for my conveyance to Nicosia. I never saw such a shandrydan, and what its original style of architecture had been was quite beyond my knowledge to fathom. It might have been a landau, once upon a time, for it had seats both back and front, with a ramshackle old leathern hood, which was impossible to put down again when once it had been shut up. The leather-work was ancient in the extreme, and the woodwork looked as if it had received its last coat of paint in Venetian times. However, when once one was in, it was fairly comfortable, and the four small ponies, which were harnessed abreast, rattled us along the narrow, dusty road in almost breakneck style.

The road at first led along the seashore in an easterly direction, separated only from the sea on our right hand by narrow sand dunes sparsely covered with reedy-looking grasses, whilst on our left was a richly cultivated soil, the fields being thickly studded with caroub and olive trees. The country is much intersected with ravines and water-courses draining the low hills to the north, and these are now spanned by wooden bridges. After a time the spurs of cretaceous limestone, which come down from the Maskzera range, extend nearly down to the seashore, and the trees become fewer and fewer, and cultivation dies away.

About six or seven miles out of Limasol the ruins of Amathus are past. This was a very ancient city, and was, probably, originally a Phœnician settlement. Its site, with its town wall and harbour works, is clearly marked, but so little visible from the road that, had not the site been pointed out to me, I doubt whether it would have attracted my attention at all. According to Tacitus and other classical writers, Amathus was the oldest city in Cyprus. It had temples of Melkart, the Syrian Hercules, and also of Adonis and Aphrodite. A colossal stone vase was removed from the site in 1865 by the French, and is now in the Louvre. Its fellow lies in fragments on the ground.

Amathus is only one of the many cities for which Cyprus was famous in ancient days, and the names of Salamis, Paphos, Citium, Arsinöe, and Idalium, with many more, are familiar to us in the pages of classical authors, from Homer downwards. Their sites have nearly all been ransacked from the very earliest times by successive plunderers in search of treasure and antiquities; and very little, I fancy, now remains at all near the surface to reward the researches of our modern body-snatchers, who do not hesitate to desecrate the holiest spot if they can thereby add a specimen to a museum and have it labelled, "Presented by So-and-so." Heaven forbid that, when Palestine is occupied and Hebron is no longer protected by the reverence of the Moslem, the bodies of the patriarchs be exposed to the vulgar gaze like the Pharoahs of old in the glass cases of the Cairo Museum.

Of course, if there were no antiquarian research, our knowledge of the remote past would be limited indeed; but what I object to is the irreverence with which the remains of the dead are treated, and I quite agree with the late Sir Samuel Baker, who held it as a curious contradiction in our ideas of propriety, which are measured, apparently, by uncertain intervals of time,

that we regard as felonious a man who disinters a body and steals a ring from the fingers of a corpse a few days after burial in an English churchyard, but we honour and admire an individual who, upon a wholesale scale, digs up old cemeteries and scatters the bones of ancient kings, queens, princes, priests, and warriors, and having collected the jewellery, arms, and objects of vanity that were buried with them, neglects the once honoured bones, but sells the gold and pottery to the highest bidder. Sentiment is measured and weighed by periods, and as grief is mitigated by time, so also is our respect for the dead, even until we barter their ashes for gold as an honourable transaction.

General di Cesnola, who is the great authority on the antiquities of Cyprus, gives a very complete record of the explorations made by him in the island, when U.S.A. Consul, between 1865-75, which are embodied in his work, *Cyprus: Its Cities, Tombs, and Temples.* This magnificent collection was acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of New York for $138,866, and much light has been thrown, by his researches, on the history of art and archæology, but the uncertain provenance and haphazard grouping of many of the objects detract not a little from its scientific value. With our occupation a series of orderly and minute explorations of well-selected spots was begun, the results of which are carefully summarised in the admirable Catalogue of the Cyprus Museum, compiled by Mr J. L. Myres and Dr M. O. Richter in 1899.

Cyprus must have been, from the remotest ages, connected with the world's history. Its geographical position, its fertility, and its wealth cannot but have made it of the greatest importance in the dawn of civilization, when Egypt and Assyria were the centres of light and progress in the Old World. Originally colonized by the descendants of Kittim, as we have said before, probably at a period so remote that the island was connected

by a narrow isthmus with the neighbouring coast of Syria, it must from earliest times have attracted the attention of the various important nations on the mainland. Can it be doubted, indeed, that the great Hittite nation, which for a thousand years waged successful war with the powerful kingdoms of Assyria and Egypt, and which must have been a mighty nation even in the time of Joshua (1451 B.C.), inhabiting the country "from the wilderness and this Lebanon, even unto the great river, the river Euphrates . . . and unto the great sea toward the going down of the sun" (Joshua, i. 4), must have been one of the first conquerors of Cyprus? Even as far back as the time of Abraham (2000 B.C.), the Hittites appear to have been a powerful people, extending from the borders of Mesopotamia in the north to Hebron in the south, and it would, therefore, appear hardly probable that Cyprus should be left without the sphere of their influence. Indeed, we know that this cannot have been so, for the ancient Cypriot syllabary, which of recent years has been the subject of much careful investigation on the part of the late Colonel Conder, R.E., Prof. Sayce, Mrs George Smith, and others, appears to have been derived from the writing of the Hittites. No doubt when the numerous sculptures and inscriptions of this most ancient people, which are known to exist throughout the length and breadth of Asia Minor and Northern Syria, are thrown open to the investigation of men of science, which cannot be until the present Turkish *régime* of misrule and oppression shall have passed away, much new light will be thrown on this most interesting subject.

In the almost constant wars which were waged between the Hittites on the one hand and the Egyptian Pharoahs on the other, Cyprus must, from its strategical position, have been an object of fierce contention, and I make no doubt that its possession was as relatively important to either party as Port

Mahon was to us and the French in the wars of the eighteenth century. It is, therefore, only reasonable to suppose that the island fell not once but many times under the dominion of the Hittite and Egyptian alternately, at least as far back as the time of the Thothmes and Amenhoteps of the 18th dynasty (1600 B.C.), if not of the Amenemhats and Osirtasens of the 12th dynasty (2500 B.C.), who were also great conquerors and warred against the Hittites from the north, only just prior to the wave of Hyksos invasion, which, after halting for a short period at Hebron, swept over the border into the land of Goshen and drove the Pharoahs from Memphis into Upper Egypt. That the Hyksos or "Shepherd" Kings of Egypt, who ruled Egypt from Zoan, were of Hittite origin would appear more than probable, and during the period of their domination, from the 13th to the 18th dynasties, it would naturally follow that Cyprus formed a part of their territories. With the expulsion of the Hyksos from Egypt and the rising of the kingdom of Tyre under the Phœnicians, those enterprising traders of the Mediterranean who carried their ventures through the Pillars of Hercules (the Straits of Gibraltar) and colonized even the far distant shores of Britain and Ireland, it is not surprising that their hold on the island should be weakened, and that settlements should be formed by the Phœnicians as far back, so we learn from Eratosthenes, as 1045 B.C.

What I have written above is pure surmise, with very little history to support it; but what we do know is that these early Phœnician settlers in Cyprus appear to have been in revolt in the time of Hiram, King of Tyre, about 1000 B.C., against the tribute levied by him, and after the revolt was suppressed, the island continued for a long subsequent period tributary to Tyre.

There are many allusions in the Old Testament to Cyprus

under the name of Chittim, which is associated by the Prophet Isaiah with the downfall of Tyre, so that it would appear that the island was still, in his time, towards the close of the eighth century B.C., in intimate relations with that kingdom.

Mr Fisher, B.A., in a small work published by him in 1878, entitled, *Cyprus, our New Colony, and What we Know about It*, says that other emigrants from Cilicia and Phrygia, and perhaps from Egypt also, according to Herodotus, joined the Phœnicians. Greek colonists followed and, no doubt, colonized the coast towns neglected by the Phœnicians, and made free with the legends of Teucer, son of Telemon, of Theseus and Ariadne, the Arcadian Agapenor, and the Athenian Acamas, and these last gradually established a political supremacy, and gave the name of Kypros to the island.

Cyprian legends connect the history of the island with the fortunes of the Trojan War, and in one of the cases of the South Kensington collection of Trojan treasures (Dr Schliemann's) are some vases and stone objects covered with inscriptions, which have been identified as in the Cypriot character.

Homer gives in the *Iliad* (XI. 19), a description of the armour presented to Agamemnon by Cinyras, the legendary hero of Cyprus, and the ruler of the island when the Trojan expedition started.

Agamemnon, says the Grecian poet:—

"Then with rich cuirass armed his breast which Cinyras bestowed
To gratify his royal guest, for even to Cyprus flowed
The unbounded fame of those designs the Greek proposed for Troy,
And therefore gave to him those arms and wished his purpose joy."

—Chapman's *Homer*.

It is recorded that the armour, of which a particular description is given, turned out worthless, but this, it is added,

was owing to its having been changed by the envoy, who kept back the original valuable treasure which was sent as a present to Agamemnon.

Other stories represent Cinyras as guilty of treachery in not fulfilling a promise he had made to send fifty ships to Troy; in return for this, Agamemnon, after the fall of Troy, is said to have landed in Cyprus, dethroned Cinyras, and left some of his Greeks as colonists at Amathus.

The historian Strabo records the fact that the island was divided into ten petty kingdoms, which were sometimes at war with, and sometimes allied to the neighbouring powers of Greece and Asia Minor. These kingdoms were Salamis, Soli, Chytri, Curium, Lapethus, Cernica, Neo-Paphos, Marium, Citium, and Amathus, of which the last two only appear to have been under Phœnician rule.

Gradually the Phœnician language yielded to the influence of the Greek, which became the universal language of the island, whilst at the same time the religions of the two races became insensibly blended together, the Greek Aphrodite, their Goddess of Love, taking the place of the Phœnician Astarte, or Ashtaroth, whose temple at Paphos, which had been in existence from the earliest times, became sacred to the newer cult. Adonis was slain, according to the legend, while hunting on the hills near Idalium, the modern Dali.

"'Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain:
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheathed unaware the tusk in his soft groin.

. . . . . .

"Thus, weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid
Their mistress mounted through the empty skies,

In her light chariot quickly is conveyed;
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herself and not be seen."

Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis.*

Venus, or Aphrodite, one of whose names was Cypris, was, according to the same legend, born in Cyprus, and first appeared to her votaries at Palœa-Paphos, and the foundations of her once magnificent temple there still exist. According to Virgil (Æneid, I., 691), Venus carried Ascanius to the Idalian fields, where were sweet scents and agreeable shade, and one of the numerous temples to Venus, with delightful groves, was at Idalium. Another of her temples was on Mount Olympus, or on a promontory of the same name. It was known as the Temple of Venus Acrœa, to which no women were admitted.

In these early days a great portion of the commerce between the East and the West centred in Cyprus. The island then possessed good seaports with convenient harbours, forests of trees suitable for shipbuilding, mines which were productive of great wealth, and an extremely fertile soil; consequently riches poured in, and the inhabitants became notorious for luxury and pleasure.

The result of this was that the worship of the Goddess of Love was carried to a higher pitch of licentiousness in the Cyprian temples than elsewhere at the numerous shrines of Aphrodite throughout the ancient world. The descriptions given by Herodotus and other classical writers of the religious rites at Paphos present the grossest picture of sensual indulgence which the fancy could well depict. The great body of the people are represented as ignorant and dull, and General Cesnola mentions that, like the Bœotians, they had a nickname Βοῦς Κύπριος, "Cyprian Ox."

Cyprus was subdued by Sargon, King of Assyria, about 707 B.C., and subsequently reconquered by the Egyptian King,

Amasis, 569 B.C. (Herodotus, ii. 182). Perhaps in the same year Solon visited Philocypros at Aipeia, and persuaded him to migrate with his people to a new town, Soloi, to which he gave laws and his name. From this date until 525 B.C. when it fell together with Egypt under Cambyses, the Persian, Cyprus appears to have been ruled over by Euelthon, a King of Salamis. It continued under Persian rule, with intervening partial conquests by the Athenians and Lacedemonians till the time of Alexander, who made Pnytagoras King of Citium in return for the assistance of the Cyprian fleet at the seige of Tyre, and the whole island became tributary to the new Greek Empire.

After the death of Alexander—323 B.C.—Cyprus fell to the share of Antigonus, but was wrested from him by Ptolemy, King of Egypt, after a struggle of several years' duration, in which was fought the memorable sea-fight at Salamis; and in the hands of the Ptolemies it remained for nearly two and a half centuries, until the time of Cleopatra's uncle, from whom it was most unjustly seized by the Roman Senate—58 B.C.—who sent Marcus Cato to dispossess the king and make it a Roman province. Cato found immense treasures in the palace at Salamis, for the Ptolemies had made it a store-house for their wealth, jewels, and plate, valued at 7000 talents, which he sent to Rome, contenting himself with a small bust of Zeno of Citium, the founder of the Stoic school of philosophy (390 B.C.), who was the first and the last on the roll of famous Cypriots.

From this time onwards Cyprus remained a Roman province under the jurisdiction of the pro-consul of Cilicia, one of whom was the celebrated Cicero. In 47 B.C. Cæsar gave the island to Arsinoë and Ptolemy, the sister and brother of Cleopatra, and Strabo tells us that Antony afterwards gave it to Cleopatra, but after the battle of Actium and Antony's death, Augustus revoked the gift, and in 27 B.C. it was constituted an imperial province.

The island was visited by Paul and Barnabas, the latter of whom had estates there, which had been sold for the common cause in 45 A.D., and it was at Paphos that the pro-consul Sergius Paulus was converted to Christianity, notwithstanding the opposition of the Sorcerer Bar-Jesus (Acts XIII.), and it was thus that Cyprus was the first country to be governed by a Christian ruler.

In the reign of Trojan—115 A.D.—the Jews, who formed a very large proportion of the population of the island, revolted, and committed terrible excesses against the Greeks, and no less than a quarter of a million of Cypriots are said to have perished before the revolt was suppressed, and the Jews expelled by a decree of the Roman Senate which made it punishable with death for a Jew to be found in the island.

At the division of the Roman Empire in 365 A.D., Cyprus passed under the Byzantine Emperors, in whose possession it remained for about 300 years, notwithstanding numerous attempts on the part of the Saracens to seize it, but was finally conquered by them in 802 A.D., during the reign of the celebrated Caliph Harūn El-Rashīd. It was again reconquered by the Byzantines in 964 A.D., and remained a portion of the Eastern Empire until 1184 A.D., when Isaac Comnenus, a nephew of the reigning Greek Emperor, Andronicus Comnenus, who was then "Duke" of Cyprus, threw off his yoke, and established himself as an independent sovereign. How he fared at the hands of Richard I. and his Crusaders we have already seen, in our first chapter.

So much for history. And in the next chapter we will return to the very ordinary and unexciting narrative of my journey to Nicosia.

KALAVASSO KHAN.

From an Etching by Capt. A. F. U. Green, R.A.

CHAPTER V.

On the road to Nicosia—Stavro Vouni—The Empress Helena—The Messaria Plain—First Impressions of Nicosia—A Belated Arrival—Sketch of its History—The Cathedral Church of St Sophia, etc.

ABOUT three or four miles after passing Amathus, we crossed the dry bed of the Moni river by a wooden bridge, and the road began to trend in a north-easterly direction, and the country to become more hilly and diversified, being well wooded with caroub and very fine olive trees. At Kalavasso *khan*, eighteen miles out from Limasol, which was reached at 10.45 a.m., we halted to give our ponies a rest. It is a picturesque spot with an enormous olive tree, split down the centre, by the side of the road in front of the *khan*, in the courtyard of which were several camels lying and standing about, surrounded by bales of cotton they had been carrying (*vide* photograph.) The men in charge of the camels were seated under the big olive tree drinking coffee and smoking, and they would have made the fortune of an *impressario* in want of a select parcel of brigands for "Fra Diavolo," for a more truculent-looking lot of scoundrels it would be difficult to imagine. They were, however, quite harmless, and submitted to having their photographs taken with perfect equanimity, and even with pleasure.

The short rest we gave the ponies bucked them up wonderfully, and the road through the hills being very good going, we rattled along at a fine pace. The country was becoming much more broken now, and as the road wound in and out of the hills of cretaceous limestone and over dry river-beds, we were constantly opening up fine well-wooded valleys with plenty of cultivation. At a little after noon, we reached the

tiny village of Kofino, half way to Nicosia, where we found our relay of ponies waiting for us, so that we had done the thirty miles from Limasol in something over four hours, which is uncommonly good going. How these Cyprus ponies can keep up the pace for so long a time is a marvel to me, but they must be wonderfully game little animals.

At Kofino there is a road branching off to Larnaka, which lies some twenty miles to the eastward. Whilst waiting at Kofino for the ponies to be changed, it began to rain slightly, but one got a very good view of Stavro Vouni, or "The Mount of the Holy Cross," on the summit of which there is a Greek convent supposed to have been founded by the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, the first Christian Emperor of Rome, and the founder of the Eastern or Byzantine half of the Roman Empire, and in the convent is enshrined a piece of the true Cross, brought by her from Palestine. The Empress Helena was a British princess, and was instrumental in founding the Archbishopric of York, 290 A.D. She is supposed to have discovered the much venerated site of Calvary at Jerusalem, where "all sections of the Christian Church there have their chapels in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre—Greek, Latin, Armenian, Coptic and Syrian—all, except the Protestants; and there are perpetual processions going on from one sacred spot to another, priests in gorgeous robes, covered with silver and gold, chanting hymns and prayers. The Turkish authorities arrange separate hours for the services of these opposing factions to prevent collisions and bloodshed; and that the arrangements may be carried out peacefully, armed soldiers may be seen pacing up and down, or smoking and drinking coffee, but ready to keep the knives of the *Christian* worshippers from each other's throats, for many a fight to the death has occurred within those sacred walls between the rival sects." The story of the alleged discovery of the site of

THE PEAK OF MONTE CROCE IN THE MASCHERA RANGE.

Calvary by the Empress Helena is worth repeating: "The story goes that the mother of Constantine visited Palestine in 326 A.D., and, seeking the place of our Lord's Crucifixion, was told that the position of that sacred spot had been lost. But a dream revealed to her where the cross had been buried by the early Christians along with the two crosses of the crucified robbers. On a search being made, the crosses were found, but which was the cross of our Lord? It was discovered by taking all three crosses into the presence of an incurably sick lady of noble family in Jerusalem, who, when she touched the true cross, was cured of her disease. This discovery is appropriately called "The Invention of the Cross," and for 1500 years the hearts and footsteps of princes, peasants, saints, and pilgrims, from all lands have been irresistibly and fascinatingly drawn to the scene of the so-called miracle." *

We now drove through a vine country, and the trees became fewer and fewer as we approached the village of Dali, which, as we have said before, is on the site of the ancient Idalium. There was formerly a large Temple of Venus here, but it and the ancient city are nothing but a heap of ruins, which have been ransacked of all their treasures. Now only a small and insignificant village marks its site on the southern edge of the Messaria plain. The river Idalia flows along its northern side and irrigates the immediate neighbourhood, but no traces exist of the great forest of Idalium which once covered this spot and the country eastward. Wherever, however, the water of the river has been taken, the land is fertile in the extreme, the soil being formed by the alluvium carried down from the neighbouring hills, which are formed of a hard species of chalk

* Abridged from *The City of Jerusalem*, by the Rev. J. Anderson Watt, F.R.G.S.: a Lecture delivered to the Members of Northern British-Israel Association at Glasgow, 8th February 1910.

and gypsum, and is richly cultivated. The course of the little river is marked by olive groves, which must be of immense age, but beyond these and a few cypress trees there is a marked absence at any attempt at tree-planting. This was a subject much remarked upon by Sir Samuel Baker in 1879, and it was then attributed to the oppression of Turkish rule: but have we done any better? I am afraid the verdict must be that during the many years of our occupation we have done very little, if anything at all, and in the matter of olive planting this appears to be all the more reprehensible, for the olive is indigenous to the island.

On leaving Dali, we entered upon the Messaria plain, and the landscape became barren and *triste* in the extreme—not a tree to be seen as far as the eye could reach—nothing but a series of brown, burnt-up rolling downs, rising westward towards the Makhera range of mountains, which reminded me very forcibly of the Northern Punjab towards Peshawur. To the north, far away across the intervening plain, rose the abrupt slopes of the Karpas range, a dark green patch at the foot denoting the position of Kythrea, which is watered by an extraordinary spring issuing from a limestone breccia in five large streams and several smaller ones, which fertilize the surrounding district. It was from this spring that water was conveyed in ancient times by a large stone aqueduct, traces of which still remain, to the city of Salamis. The water is of excellent quality, and cold even in summer. I must say that I was considerably disappointed with my first view of the well-known peak in the Karpas called "Pentadactylon," of which I had read a perfervid account in Mallock's *In an Enchanted Island*, and fully expected to see something of the nature of a five-fingered hand. It is true it is like a hand, but one that is doubled up, and the points are only stumpy knuckles after all.

NICOSIA.

From a Photograph by J. P. Foscolo, Limasol.

Rain was now falling pretty smartly, and the general gloom scarcely tended to enhance the all-pervading dreariness of the scene, so we pushed along as smartly as our tired ponies would allow. Fortunately, the road was an exceedingly good one, too good, indeed, for the very limited amount of traffic it has to carry, for all the way from Limasol to Nicosia we only met three vehicles. The rain had ceased as we climbed the last table-topped hill of sedimentary calcareous limestone, which separated us from the low ground of the Messaria, and a parting gleam from the sun, setting in angry splendour behind the Makhera range, came to light up the minarets and houses, embowered in groves of date-palms and orange trees, of the quaintly picturesque Turkish town of Nicosia or Lefkosia, lying directly beneath us within its ring of high masonry walls and bastions, with the grand old Gothic Cathedral of St Sophia towering in its midst. The cloud-capped tops of the Karpas in the distance formed a perfect background to a most charming picture.

It was already growing dusk when the carriage pulled up in a sandy lane at the white gate leading into the compound round the house of Captain Young (now Sir Arthur Henderson Young, K.C.M.G., Governor of the Straits Settlements, etc.), the Chief Secretary, who, in the absence of H. E. Sir Walter Sendall, K.C.M.G., the Governor and High Commissioner, on leave, was acting for him. I now was thrown completely on my beam ends, for the invitation to put up with him which Captain Young had very kindly sent for me to Limasol had failed to reach me. Captain Young was out, and there I was, stranded in an unknown land with no hotel in Nicosia to go to, and it looked as if I should have to spend the night in my conveyance, with the prospect of nothing to eat. However, things turned out better than I expected, for, leaving the driver in charge of my traps, I walked off in the direction of

the town to see whether there was not some kind of *khan* or other where I could put up, when, fortunately, I met Captain Young himself, with Lady Evelyn Young, driving home in the gloaming, and I felt I was saved. Nothing, to my mind, is so disagreeable as the feeling that one may be intruding on people who are entire strangers to one, but the kindly welcome I now met with placed me completely at my ease, and I was soon most comfortably installed in very pleasant quarters.

It rained heavily during the night, with a good deal of thunder and lightning, but the next morning was beautifully sunshiny and bright, and I was able to form an idea of my surroundings, which had been of the vaguest the night before. The house, I found, was a large one-storeyed, quadrangular building of substantial rusticated masonry, with deep verandahs all round, the rooms on the upper floor giving on to an interior gallery running round a spacious entrance hall, decorated with arms and trophies of various kinds. Outside there was a large compound, in which a tennis court was being laid out, but the trees were so thick that the house was only visible from the approach when quite close upon it. I was much astonished when Captain Young told me that these *eucalyptus* and pepper trees had only been planted in '87, or some ten years previously, for some of the former were 30 or 40 feet high, and at least six feet in girth, showing how readily trees will grow in Cyprus, if only the right kinds are selected. That so little has been done in this way during our tenure can only be attributed to want of funds, which has been prejudicial to improvements of every description.

After breakfast I sallied forth with my camera to the point from which I had caught my first glimpse of the town on the preceding evening, and again enjoyed that lovely view with the cloud-capped Karpas behind it.

NICOSIA (from an old print).

(Reproduced from the Cobham Collection by permission of the Royal Colonial Institute).

Whoever chose the site for the town of Nicosia chose very badly, unless, indeed, it was in those Arcadian days of long ago when the Messaria was a smiling plain, richly wooded, and the Pedias river a limpid stream fed by the snows of Olympus, instead of the present boulder-strewn torrent bed, which scarce boasts of a trickle of water in the dry season of the year. Beautiful as it looks from a distance, with its bastioned walls o'ertopped by minarets, campaniles and verdant groves of orange, date, and cypress trees—so beautiful, indeed, as almost to resemble a miniature Damascus—it lies so low in the flat, marshy plain at the foot of the surrounding bluffs of calcareous limestone, that the whole site on which it stands is sodden with the filth of ages, and except for its central position, it is difficult to imagine why it has been chosen by ourselves as the seat of government instead of Limasol, which presents so many advantages.

However, it appears to have been a town of importance from the earliest times, a fact due, probably, to its central situation in the Messaria, which must have always been the great cereal-producing district of the island. Fortified in the time of Constantine the Great, it has remained the Capital of the island, the seat of Government, and the residence of the Governor since the time of the Lusignans, in whose day it must have been a town of vastly greater importance than it is at present, the circuit of the fortifications being no less than nine miles in extent, and containing numerous well-built churches, monasteries and palaces, of which only crumbling remains still exist within its present prescribed limits to attest its former prosperity and magnificence. There can be little doubt, however, that the Venetians, when the Turkish invasion was imminent in 1570, destroyed the old line of fortification as being too near the heights—which commanded it on almost all sides —and entirely remodelled the defences of the town (*vide* photo-

graph), which was converted into a regular fortress surrounded by walls of three miles circuit, pierced by three gates called Paphos, Kyrenia, and Famagusta, and flanked at regular intervals by eleven bastions. These walls, although crumbling into ruins in many places, are still imposing enough, rising as they do to a height of thirty or forty feet from what was formerly the bottom of the ditch, and as the original counter-scarp wall and glacis have in a great measure, except in the neighbourhood of the gates, disappeared and become levelled down outside the town, the walls look even more lofty than they really are. Trees have now been planted in the ditch near the gates, and I noticed quite a flourishing plantation in the neighbourhood of the Baffo (Paphos) gate, which has now given place to a new opening, of which three more have been cut through the ramparts on the south side.

The Crusaders under Richard Cœur-de-Lion made themselves masters of Nicosia, or Lefkosia, as it was then called, without striking a blow, after the defeat of Isaac Comnenus in the field; but the Turks, attacking it while the Venetian revetments, etc., were still incomplete, captured it by storm on the 9th September, 1570, after a brief but vigorous siege of forty-five days, the shortness of which was probably due to the above cause, and to the town and works on the south side being completely commanded by the Turkish artillery on the neighbouring heights. Of course, the population was then very much larger than it is now, but the defenders were quite unable to resist the superior force of the besiegers, and in the end the Turks entered the city by assault, and for eight days delivered the place over to the sword, more than 20,000 of the defenders being killed, and thousands of youths and young girls carried away into captivity to Constantinople. From this time onwards the town went rapidly to ruin, and it soon lost the importance which it had enjoyed under the rule of the Lusignans.

A MOLLAH.

From an Etching by Capt. A. F. U. Green, R.A.

I had just finished taking a couple of views of the town, and was packing up my camera preparatory to a hot trudge back again, when I espied Janni, our driver of yesterday, whom we had left behind at Kofino when we changed horses, coming over the brow of the hill driving his old shandrydan, in which I was glad enough to get a lift back to Captain Young's house. Leaving my camera, I started off for a walk into the town, passing on my way a small but rather pretty church, which had been recently finished, and a large Turkish cemetery surrounded by a stone wall, and rendered very gloomy by cypress trees, the first I had seen in the country, which I thought strange, considering that at one time this tree was so plentiful, that by some it is supposed to have given its native name of *Kypresēs* to the island itself. There are two kinds of cypress in the island—the dwarf cypress, or *cupressus horizontalis*, the wood of which is extremely hard and durable, which grows on the flat-topped limestone hills of the Karpas district, and another variety which flourishes upon the Troödos range at an elevation of from three to six thousand feet. The wood of this latter species is nothing like so hard as that of the dwarf cypress, and it is very aromatic, resembling a mixture of sandalwood and cedar, and this is probably the Chittim-wood of Scripture, which was imported by Hiram of Tyre, for the building of King Solomon's temple. The native name for the dwarf, or "wild cypress," is *aoratu.*

Entering the town by the Paphos gate, I soon found myself involved in a labyrinth of exceedingly dirty narrow lanes and alleys, with very little of the picturesqueness of the Oriental bazaar to recommend them. I was very disappointed, for, after reading Mallock's high-flown account of the place, I had been led to expect something very different. The shops, where the chief articles exposed for sale appeared to be Manchester goods, leatherwork, fruit, and silks of native manufacture, were mean

and uninviting, and one was constantly having to be on the look-out to avoid being splashed by passing trains of mules and camels, which drove one sometimes to take refuge in the shops themselves, for there are no side-walks. I was soon tired of struggling hopelessly through the mud, so retraced my steps, and made my way on to the ramparts, where, at all events, there was clean walking, and a fairly good view over the surrounding, very uninteresting, country—uninteresting except for the lovely view of the distant Karpas range. From the ramparts I could see that there were numerous substantial houses within the circuit of the walls, surrounded by well-planted gardens, which were, however, shut in by the monotonously high, blank walls of the narrow alleys through which I had been wandering.

It was now high time to get back to lunch, after which my kind hostess drove me down to the golf-links on the race-course —for Nicosia boasts a race-course—which lies to the north of the town, on the other side of the Pedias river, to have a game of golf. On our way we passed the civil prison, and an uglier building I can honestly say I never saw anywhere; but it well matches the intense ugliness of the dreary Messaria plain in which it lies. It was a dull, rainy afternoon, which may possibly account for my unfavourable impressions, and even the Karpas range, forming, as it does, the sole redeeming feature of the landscape, was nearly hidden by clouds. In the springtime the whole plain is a green sea of up-springing corn, and must present quite a different aspect to the scorched and barren-looking expanse it was at the time I saw it. We had barely got half through our round of golf when the rain came down in torrents, and we had to give it up and go home, consoling ourselves with the thought that the rain which was late this year, would do a wonderful deal of good.

CATHEDRAL OF ST SOPHIA—NICOSIA.

In the evening Mr Alfred Bovill, the Principal Forest Officer in the island, and his brothers, nephews of the Chief Justice, came to dinner, and we spent a very pleasant evening. I was very glad to meet Mr Bovill, who promised to come with me as far as Famagusta, and bring his camp equipment with him, as he told me that I should find no kind of hotel there to put up in, but only a *khan*, where I should have a difficulty in getting anything to eat.

The following morning was beautifully bright and fresh after heavy rain in the night, and the walk up to Government House, which occupies a commanding situation on a flat-topped hill about a mile and a quarter west of the town, was most enjoyable. The house itself is a large one-storied wooden construction, with deep verandahs on both sides, forming three sides of a quandrangle, which is neatly laid out as a flower garden and tennis court. It does seem a pity that so much should have been expended in bringing out this great, rambling wooden construction from England, when there is such very good building stone in the neighbourhood, but this was probably due to the fact that stone buildings might be liable to damage from earthquakes. However, the excellent two-storeyed stone barracks which were built about the same time for a regiment of pioneers down by Captain Young's house, and are now used as Government Offices, have not suffered in the least from this cause since their erection. The site itself is very well chosen, and completely commands the town and surrounding country, and there is a fine view on all sides, especially from the front verandah, looking towards the Karpas over the town and plain below. The dry bed of the Pedias river, the largest river in the island, when there is any water in it, sweeps in a half-circle round the base of the hill, from which its sides rise abruptly to the top of the bluff on which the house stands. The *eucalyptus globulus*

and other varieties of trees which were planted in Lord Wolseley's time when he was Chief Commissioner, have grown up into fine handsome trees and add not a little to the appearance of the place. Behind the house and outlying stables and offices are the hut barracks, with a small hospital, etc., for a company of infantry, and a range of officers' quarters.

It was getting very hot as I walked back, and I was glad to change into lighter clothes before making another visit to the town. Certainly the narrow streets and bazaars had not been improved by the rain, and the whole place presented a draggle-tailed, neglected appearance, which was distinctly depressing. I was, however, struck by the extreme brilliancy of the leather-work exposed for sale in the shops, which is a manufacture carried on in the town and neighbouring villages, and is supposed to be especially good, the leather being soft and durable, and the colours most brilliant.

Pursuing a devious and winding course along a succession of narrow and gloomy bazaars, a sudden turn in the road brought me into a small open space shaded by magnificently grown trees, in which stood the mutilated remains of the once glorious Gothic cathedral church of St Sophia, which, alas, has been converted into a mosque by the Turk. It was begun about 1195 A.D., but was hardly finished within the next century It was much injured by an earthquake in 1491, and adapted as a mosque, 15th September 1570. The beautiful west front with its three entrance portals and traceried windows, which, unfortunately, cannot be shown in the accompanying photograph, still remains tolerably intact, but the Gothic towers have been destroyed, and in their place two hideous minarets have been built by the side of the old bell tower. But not even Turkish vandalism, with its utter want of any sense of beauty, has been able quite to obliterate the

INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ST SOPHIA—NICOSIA.

loveliness of the architectural details, and the florid ornamentation of the carved stonework.

Seated under the shade of a tree near a trickling fountain green with ferns and mosses, I found one of the *mollahs* of the mosque (*vide* photograph), and tried to enter into conversation with him in Turkish; but as my acquirements in that direction were about limited to *bū gūn pek sijāk dir* (to-day is very hot), and to the expressions of inquiring after a gentleman's health, we did not get very far towards a mutual understanding. However, by a happy thought I tried him in Arabic, which I found he knew a great deal better than I did, having, like most *mollahs* and *softas*, received his theological education in the great college of El-Azhar at Cairo. He was quite delighted to find a *gaiour* who had only just come from the haunts of his youth, and we had a great "crack" together. He showed me all over the mosque, which has been utterly spoilt inside (*vide* photograph) by the plentiful application of whitewash, and the beauty of the pillars quite destroyed. The Turk must be rather like the Puritan in his want of appreciation of church decoration, for the inside of the mosque reminded me very much of what I remember the nave of Gloucester Cathedral to have been like, when it still bore the impress of the Puritan whitewash brush in the pre-restoration days.

In close proximity to the Cathedral is another fine old Latin church, that of St Nicholas of the English, with three grand entrance gates and much architectural beauty of detail. This, I believe, was attributed to Anglo-Norman times, but by the Turks it was converted into a store-house or granary, and as such, still remains. In fact, in this north-east quarter of the town are found most of the buildings of former days hidden away in a secluded labyrinth of mulberry gardens and orange groves. "Far from the madding crowd," it is the abode sacred to the *hareems* of the *imaums* and officials attached to the

mosque and college in this quarter, and is as quiet and silent as the grave.

When I got back to the house I found my hostess in great distress over her favourite dog, which was lying in a semi-comatose condition and evidently dying. The poor animal had apparently been bitten by some reptile, for on examining one of its fore-feet, there were signs of a puncture between the toes, which could only have been inflicted by the fangs of a snake. Everything was done to alleviate its pain by hot fomentations, and we administered hot mustard and water, and whiskey, but all to no purpose, for in a very short time the poor dog, much to its mistress's grief, was dead. The poor brute had probably been bitten the day before, for I had noticed it lying about in a very dull-looking condition, but not knowing the animal, had not thought anything about it. Snakes are common enough in some parts of the island, but there is only one kind, a grey one, which is supposed to be deadly, the *Kouphe* (κουφῆς, κωφιάς, *Vipera mauritanica*), and I could not hear that one of these had ever been known to have killed anything before near Nicosia. It was a very bad piece of luck, and to one so attached to her numerous animal pets as Lady Evelyn, was a great misfortune.

Of course, the best time for tourists to visit Cyprus is from October to the beginning of May. During the rest of the year the heat is too great for comfort in the plains, and in the hills the accommodation is limited, and unless the visitor can stay with friends who have a house, or can live in tents, it is difficult to see all that is to be seen of interest in the Island. This applies equally to Nicosia, where there is a club but no hotel, otherwise there are numerous points of interest in the neighbourhood which are deserving of a visit. For instance, the ruins of the Castle of Buffavento, a Gothic fortress of the thirteenth century, built on the top and down the steep

RUINS OF THE CASTLE OF ST HILARION.

southern side of a hill, 3135 feet high. This is a ride of two to three hours, or one one can drive four miles to Mia Milia and ride from there (one hour) past the Monastery of St Chrysostomos to the foot of the cliff on which the castle stands. Animals must be left here, and the rest of the journey accomplished on foot. Mules should be hired in Nicosia, and unless the muleteer knows the track, a guide taken from the Monastery. It is not difficult to climb to the highest point from which there is a fine view of the Messaria on the south, and the Taurus range on the Anatolian mainland across the strait to the north.

The romantic castle of St Hilarion (*vide* photograph) or Dieu d'Amour, towering 2,200 feet above Kyrenia, is also a point of interest. It is of unknown age. It certainly figured in the struggle between Richard Cœur-de-Lion and Isaac Comnenus, as we have already seen in Chapter I., and subsequently in the struggle of 1228 between Frederick II. and the guardians of the young Lusignan king, Henri I., and was dismantled by the Venetians. Its ruins are distant about eleven miles along the Kyrenia carriage road, and thence by a bridle-path, about an-hour-and-a-half's walk or ride. But St Hilarion can be more easily visited from Kyrenia (*vide* photograph) than from Nicosia.

Kyrenia, though its foundation is ascribed to Cyrus, had but little importance until the days of the Lusignan kings, the older settlement being Lapethos, nine miles to the west. The castle, though of no great strength, and completely commanded by the hills behind it, was never taken by assault. It was built at the end of the twelfth, or in the early years of the thirteenth century, and strengthened in 1544. Two other towers, part of a regular system of fortification, are preserved in the little town.

About five miles east of Kyrenia stands the glorious

Premonstratensian abbey of Delapais or Bellapais (*vide* photograph). This beautiful building is the subject of a monograph by Dr F. Seesselberg, "Kloster Delapais," Berlin, 1901. Its construction is ascribed to Hugues IV. (1324-1359); it is on a fascinating site between the mountains and the sea; and even in its ruin it is the most beautiful and important Gothic monument in the Levant.

Kykko Monastery, of which a view has already been given in Chapter II.[1] was founded about 1100, in the reign of Alexios Comnenus, who gave it a picture of the Virgin Mary, ascribed to the brush of St Luke, and a grant of land. Four fires have destroyed its archives and library, with all that was interesting in the buildings, except the sacred *ikon*.

Note.—In the above description of places in the neighbourhood of Nicosia, free use has been made of the *Handbook of Cyprus* (1907), previously referred to in Chapter II.

THE ABBEY OF BELLAPAIS—KYRENIA DISTRICT.

CHAPTER VI.

Want of Money for Development—Farming Possibilities—Mr Gennadius on Agriculture—Productivity of the Island in Ancient Times—Recent Irrigation Work in the Messaria.

THE next day, 26th November, turned out a lovely morning for a drive to Famagusta, and as soon as our traps were packed on to the carriage I said good-bye with much regret to my kind host and hostess, and accompanied by Mr Bovill, the head of the Forest Department, off we started along the same road by which I had come three days previously from Limasol. Mr Bovill proved himself to be a most excellent travelling companion, and full of information about the country. His great complaint, like that of everybody else I had met with in the island, who was at all interested in its welfare, was want of money to carry on improvements.

The annual tribute paid to Turkey was hanging like a mill-stone round the neck of the Cyprus Government, and after paying the bare expenses of administration, there was less than nothing left for any attempts at economic development. For instance, he told me that he had only received the paltry sum of £200 during the year for re-afforestation purposes, the major portion of which had been expended in planting trees on the slopes of the Karpas behind Kythrea; but even with that small sum at his disposal he had succeeded in setting out some considerably sized plantations at the heads of the ravines, where it was desirable to try and get the soil to absorb the surface water gradually, instead of letting it run to waste down the torrent beds. To show what can be done in the way of

judicious planting, he instanced his own farm or *cheflik*, where he had planted 250,000 almond and pistachio trees, the nuts of which are in great demand throughout the island and the Levant, and from which in a very few years time he hoped to gather a most remunerative crop.

There are numerous places in Cyprus which are eminently favoured by nature for the profitable cultivation of the almond, pistachio, chestnut, walnut, and hazel nut, but hitherto the local production of these hard-shelled fruit trees has not been sufficient for local consumption, and these nuts are imported to the extent of several hundreds of pounds sterling per annum. The almond (*amygdalus communis*) grows wild in some parts of the island, and the pistachio (*pistacia vera*), which prefers rather dry and stony soils, might easily be spread throughout Cyprus, because terebinths (*pistacia terebinthus*), into which the pistachio tree is grafted, grow wild in great abundance. When grafted, no cultivation is required beyond an occasional grubbing up of the bushes which may be growing around them, and the removal of the suckers which might be growing below the graft. Trees which have been grafted for ten years bear abundant fruit, and as the nuts are very good, and are greatly in demand everywhere for eating and confectionery generally, a very large profit may be confidently looked to.

It is extraordinary, however, how difficult it is to overcome the prejudices of the natives (here in England we call it the Tory Conservatism of the farmer), and how loth they seem to adopt any new ideas. Because oats had not been grown before in the island to any extent, Mr Bovill had the greatest difficulty in getting his bailiff to put any in on his farm instead of the usual barley, but the results fully justified his expectations, and he reaped a splendid crop of oats, which were much better for his mules than any barley had been. It is this lack of enterprise, combined with want of money, which has been, and must

for a long time continue to be, the stumbling-block in the way of any material development of the prosperity of the island.

Of course, the chief productions of Cyprus, on which its agricultural prosperity depends, are those of the vine, cereals, caroubs, and cocoons, and they form the basis, so to speak, of its productive wealth.

No one would have given the dreary Messaria plain through which we were driving credit for its splendid fertility, for at this time of the year its aspect was burnt-up and forlorn to a degree, the chief product of the fields being an abundant crop of gigantic thistles. In the springtime it is a sea of waving corn as far as the eye can reach; but although of late years the area of ground under wheat cultivation, so Mr Bovill informed me, had been much increased, yet not more than about a fifth of the wheat crop is produced now in comparison with what was done in classical times.

Mr Gennadius, who compiled a most excellent report on the "Agriculture of Cyprus," which deserves the most earnest study of all such as are interested in the welfare of the island, tells us that Strabo mentions that Cyprus was distinguished in his time as producing excellent wine and oil, and as being self-sufficient in wheat. It must be noted that at that time the island had a population at least four times larger than the present, viz., about 1,100,000 inhabitants. Therefore, if we were to suppose that there was no exportation of wheat, and the annual consumption per head was as large as it is now, viz.. eight bushels, which on a population 1,100,000, make 8,800,000 bushels, and if we add to these the seed required for this production, we should have as an annual wheat crop of the island at that time about 10,000,000 bushels, whilst in our days it only produces about 2,000,000.

The diminution to about one-fifth of the production of wheat in Cyprus supposed to have been reached in the time of

Strabo must be attributed solely to the diminution of the population. Since that time the methods of cultivation have not certainly been altered much. There is no doubt that the methods of ploughing and sowing, as well as the implements used now for the purpose by the Cypriots, differ very little from those of the time of Strabo. The plough almost universally used is the ancient native-made wooden plough, very light, drawn chiefly by oxen, and making a very shallow furrow. But lately a number of light iron ploughs have been introduced by the Director of Agriculture. Harrows, rollers, and other mechanical appliances to assist in preparing the soil or dealing with the crop are rare; but several reaping machines are now in use, and a few Ransome threshing machines, with straw-chopping apparatus. As in the days of Strabo, the wheat-producing lands of the island are not manured.

But these lands are subjected to a special system of irrigation, to all appearance very ancient, which renders them inexhaustible, and on account of which the ancients used to compare them to those of Egypt.

This system consists in the utilization of the rain-water coming down from the mountains to the plains, which is collected together with care, and distributed regularly to the fields. This water, to which the landowners in the plains have, from time immemorial, indisputable rights, flowing down from the heights, carries along with it the organic matter deposited on them by animals and plants, and thus saturated by abundant manuring substances proves most beneficial to the standing crops or the future sowings, not chiefly as irrigating water, but as liquid manure directly assimilated by the plants.

The splendid results of this system become particularly obvious in the fields of the Messaria, most of which, although under continuous cultivation for centuries are still unexhausted, yielding often thirty times the quantity of the seed, and

sometimes even more. The rare fertility of these fields must be attributed not so much to the quality of the soil, as some have supposed, but to this system of irrigation, which is a sort of liquid manuring so much recommended by the best agriculturists, and so very little used even in the most intensely cultivated countries.

Thanks, therefore, to this system, Cyprus, even with its present population, could considerably increase, perhaps even double, its wheat production, if cultivation and extended irrigation were adopted.

Mr Gennadius then goes on to recommend the adoption of certain agricultural reforms and improvements by which the cultivation of cereals may be improved in Cyprus, the principal of which are the careful selection of seed, and the introduction of more perfect implements for collecting and gathering the crops. But where the money is to come from for the purchase of the ploughs, harvesting and threshing machines recommended by him is a problem which, in the present economic condition of the small landed proprietors, still remains to be solved, and I think that the classic scythe is likely to maintain its position as the mainstay of harvesting operations for many a long day to come; at all events, until the development of more agricultural roads and the introduction of outside capital has been rendered possible by an increased confidence in the political future of the island.

Barley has always been cultivated, and yields annually between two and three millions of bushels, of which about one-third is exported; and as a considerable portion of this is of a very choice variety, which is in great demand in England for malting purposes, where it has been sold at a price 80 per cent. higher than the barley of the country, the island Government is making strenuous exertions to increase the cultivation of this choice variety.

We reached the large village of Vatili, seventeen miles out from Nicosia, at about one o'clock, and made a halt for lunch, which was laid out for us in an upper chamber in the police station. This is rather a large village, and the houses were cleaner and better built than in most villages I had seen, and it contains a large Greek church with a fine tower. All the villagers seemed to be *en fête* and were dressed in holiday attire, and everyone seemed busily occupied in that most fascinating occupation, so dear to the Oriental mind, of doing nothing. The mere fact of my getting out my camera to take a photograph or two was quite sufficient to collect quite a crowd of these most picturesque-looking people, and they grouped themselves most good-humouredly round the village well (*vide* photograph). Just outside the village there was a most enormous caroub tree, which, with its out-spreading branches, must have covered an area of some forty or fifty feet in diameter, and yet, strange to say, there is scarcely another caroub tree to be found in the whole of the Messaria plain: which would lead one to suppose that although the caroub prefers lime soils, it would, if planted, flourish extremely well in this part of the country.

As I have said before, the caroub is indigenous to Cyprus, and its fruit is, next to barley, the most important export article, some twenty-five to thirty thousand tons of the caroub bean being exported annually, nearly the whole of which goes to England and France. This large quantity is produced by hardly the third of the trees growing in the island, probably because the remaining two-thirds have not yet been grafted, without which it will not produce fruit of any value. The non-grafting of the wild caroub trees must, in a great measure, be attributed to the want of energy on the part of the inhabitants, for the work is neither tedious nor costly, and the trees growing in the greatest abundance near the sea-coast,

THE VILLAGE WELL—VATILI.

the cost of carriage of the fruit would be small. That the great depreciation which has taken place in recent years in the value of this crop has had a good deal to say to the want of extension of its proper cultivation is also a factor which has to be taken into consideration, and Mr Gennadius is of opinion that the landowners might be induced to graft more of the wild trees if their produce was exempted from taxation for some years to come. It is a pity that something of the kind is not done, because so much of the bean might be used locally in fattening the island cattle, which would find a ready market in Egypt, for both Cyprus mutton and beef are excellent.

A drive of eight miles brought us to the small village of Kuklia, where the farm of a Maltese gentleman, Mr Mattei, I think Mr Bovill said his name was, surrounded by groves of orange and lemon trees, and fields of cotton, show what can be done by the intelligent application of capital in developing the water supply which exists beneath the surface of the ground; and there can be little doubt that much of the Messaria district, which is beyond the reach of the annual flooding from the overflow of the Pedias river, might be made to produce abundant crops by the judicious introduction of *sakeeyahs* (the Persian water-wheel, worked by cattle), and æromotors.

It was now getting very cloudy and looked like rain, so we pushed along through a series of sandy hillocks, which were entirely without vegetation, until we reached a wretched little village called Kalopsida, situated in a small valley, and from here onwards the road followed the low ground at the foot of the limestone plateau, with a dismal marsh on our left. This marsh, which extends for miles to the East and South, is caused by the periodical flooding of the Pedias river, which converts the valley towards the mouth into an extensive lake. As the water dries up, extensive marshes are formed, which

are a fruitful source of those malarious fevers to which Cyprus owes the evil repute it enjoyed in the early days of the occupation. It would, however, be an easy matter, I should fancy, to drain these marshes once more into the sea, and thus reclaim a large amount of land which would be very valuable for cotton. As the population of Cyprus increases, no doubt this will be done, and should Famagusta ever be utilized as the commercial harbour of the country, it is one of the first works which will have to be undertaken.

Since my visits to the island, a certain amount of irrigation work has been undertaken, a total sum of £60,000 having been lent for that purpose by the Imperial Treasury. Investigations were commenced in November 1897. During November 1898, the Synkrasi reservoir works were commenced, and they were completed during 1899. A low earthen dam was thrown across a hill torrent, with channels branching off, from which lands were watered during floods. The surplus water from this dam finds its way into the Synkrasi reservoir, which is formed by an embankment 30 feet high and 1500 feet long thrown across another hill torrent.

This reservoir, when full, will hold about 70 million cubic feet of water. The catchment basin is 27 square miles, of which two-thirds are cultivated ground, and one-third steep, bare mountain sides.

There are no reliable statistics of rainfall. The maximum, minimum, and mean, are probably about 24 inches, 10 inches, and 18 inches.

In addition to the above works a swamp, 300 acres in extent, has been drained, and plantations of olive, cypress, acacia, and mulberry trees formed round the reservoir. The total cost of these works is close upon £6,000. The work, as far as this reservoir (£4,400) is concerned, is a new departure from existing methods, and, if successful, will open up a large field for

similar works. It will prove useful in determining the area irrigable by the supply from a given area of catchment from which the potential productive yield per square mile of a catchment can be calculated by dividing the enhanced yield due to irrigation by the area of the catchment basin. Having thus obtained an accurate measure of the possible returns, reliable forecasts can then be made for future schemes of this kind. It was with this object in view, principally, that this work was carried out.

In September, 1899, the Messaria project was commenced. This scheme was estimated to cost £50,000, and it was completed and in full operation in the early part of 1901. Before it can be fully exploited some years must elapse. As developments take place additional expenditure on extensions and improvements to the extent of another £5,000 will probably be required. The project is partly one of the reclamation of lands, and partly an irrigation scheme. The area affected by it lies between the meridians of Vatili and the sea-coast, and between the latitudes of Peristerona and Kalopsida in the Famagusta district.

The following are the main features:—

(*a*) Eighteen miles of training banks and reservoir embankments by which the flood discharge of 700 square miles of catchment is diverted and held up. The total area that will be submerged in the beds of the reservoirs will be nearly 5,000 acres, consisting chiefly of waste lands, which, during the summer are expected in course of time, to yield valuable crops. These reservoirs are sufficient to hold up the maximum flood discharge from the above catchment basin, so that no water will escape to the sea. They will not only hold up and contro the water for distribution to the lands below, but will keep the water out of swamp lands 5,000 acres in extent. The aggregate capacity of them is about 1,200 million cubic feet, which is equivalent to $\frac{3}{4}$ inch in depth over the whole catchment basin.

(*b*) From the above-mentioned banks and reservoirs, which are pierced by numerous sluices, a system of irrigation channels branches off, having a total length of about fifty miles, and commanding fifty square miles of rich alluvial lands, of which five square miles are reclaimed swamp.

(*c*) In addition to the irrigation channels, some thirty miles of drains have been constructed to reclaim about ten square miles of lands, of which half is malarious swamp. On the other half the crops are liable to damage from excessive flooding in wet years.

Irrigation under the above works will be of two kinds:—

(1) "Flood irrigation" from channels, while the rivers are in flood, in accordance with prevailing methods.

(2) "Reservoir irrigation" from water that has been held up and stored.

In order to supply the former, the sluices in the training (*i.e.* diversion) banks will be kept open sufficiently to fill the channels branching off from them, while the surplus will pass off to the reservoirs. The waters passing through the sluices will be heavily laden with rich fertilizing silt, which is the chief advantage of this system of irrigation. The waters in the reserviors will be issued in accordance with the requirements of the crops

The success of the works constructed depends altogether on the amount of the flow from the catchment basins lying above them. The statistics of rainfall and flood discharges were at the time this was written too meagre to enable an accurate forecast of the financial results to be made. But that these works and others of a cognate nature will, in the course of a few years, pay working expenses and interest charges, hardly admits of a doubt. That they will enormously improve the health of the inhabitants of the villages affected by them (situated as they are in the most unhealthy part of the Island), and their prosperity, is certain.

The depth of recent alluvial deposits in the Messaria is very great. They consist of a rich chocolate-coloured loam, formed by the denudation of the soft friable basic igneous rocks of the Troödos range. In the low-lying marshes along the southern margin of the plain, from Kouklia to Famagusta, the soil has become slightly impregnated with salts, but with drainage and cultivation these lands will soon become sweet, and capable of bearing rich crops.

The remainder of our drive was cold and gloomy, and right glad we were when the walls of the old fortified town of Famagusta loomed up in the obscurity before us, for it was now too dark to see anything with distinctness. Turning off suddenly to the right, just opposite the drawbridge leading into the fortifications, we drove about a mile further on to the suburb of Varoshia (Turkish: *Varosh*, a suburb), and drew up in a narrow street dimly lighted by a few paraffin lamps swinging across the road from house to house in front of what had once been the hotel of the place. It was fortunate that Mr Bovill had sent on some kit on mules, or we should have fared but badly, for, barring the man in charge, the house was practically deserted. However we soon had some tea going, and then we dressed and went over to the house of Mr T——, the Commissioner of Famagusta, to dinner, and afterwards spent a very pleasant evening unti it was time to retire to our barn-like abode, where, however, we managed to sleep pretty comfortably, as the beds were fairly clean.

Note.—The above account of what has been attempted in the way of irrigation was written by Mr Medlicott in 1901, and incorporated in the *Handbook of Cyprus.*

CHAPTER VII.

Famagusta, its History and Strategic Value—Conquest of the Island by the Turks — The Cathedral of St Nicolas — Desdemona and the Castel del Moro—The New Harbour.

THE next morning was very dull and threatening when we turned out, and we thought we were in for a wet day. In fact, just as we had finished breakfast, the rain came down heavily, but it soon cleared up, and it turned out a heavenly day. A couple of mules were waiting for us to ride to Famagusta, so, taking the camera with us, off we started for a regular day's exploration. We were soon back at the gate we had passed in the dusk the previous evening, and riding over the drawbridge we entered the old fortress by a gloomy gate-house with portcullis. We dismissed our mules, and having told the man in charge where to take our lunch, we scrambled up to the top of the gateway, from which we could obtain an excellent view of the whole of the interior of the town (*vide* photograph). It recalled nothing so much to my mind as a gigantic game pie, out of which most of the inside had been scooped. Earthquakes and the Turks have reduced the interior of Famagusta to a "city of desolation," dotted with the ruins of grand buildings, civil, military, and ecclesiastical. Immediately beneath our feet lay a small cluster of flat-roofed, mud-built houses, with narrow, winding streets and half-hidden gardens, whilst beyond was a tangle of ruined walls and buildings, amongst which could be recognised the palace (the scene of *Othello* and of Ford's *The Lover's Melancholy*), the castle, the Archbishop's palace, and, towering above, all the still beautiful Latin Cathedral of St Nicholas,

GENERAL VIEW OF FAMAGUSTA.

begun in A.D. 1300, and where the Kings of Cyprus were crowned Kings of Jerusalem (*vide* photograph), standing out in sharp relief against the blue Mediterranean. Beyond, the remains of other churches and important buildings were to be seen, attesting the former splendour and importance of this once populous city. But how desolate the place appeared: not a soul to be seen anywhere, all the Turks who inhabit what remains of a town being probably away at work in the fields without the walls—a veritable city of the dead; and yet this was once a flourishing city of 30,000 inhabitants. The impression produced was a most mournful one, for it was impossible not to contrast its present ruined and neglected state with its former strength and prosperity. Neither could one help reflecting how sadly the time which had elapsed since our present occupation had been wasted, for many years, and how little had been done until quite recently to restore it once again to its pride of place as one of the most important maritime ports at the east end of the Mediterranean (*vide* photograph). However, an inner basin has now been dredged over an area of 900 feet by 600 feet to 24 feet at low water (ordinary spring tides), with a channel of approach 250 feet wide and 26 feet deep. The curtain wall south of Othello's Tower has been pierced with three arches, giving access from the town to a new quay, which is faced with a concrete wall 900 feet long in 24 feet of water. An additional basin, 450 feet long, 200 feet wide, and 15 feet deep at low water, with a jetty 300 feet long, is complete. Lighthouses have been erected and buoys placed in such positions that the port may be entered in safety both by night and day. The work, designed by Messrs Coode, Son & Matthews, was begun in November 1903 and completed 30th June 1906, at a cost of £126,000.

From the very earliest times Famagusta appears to have been a seaport and trading centre of considerable importance,

and it is more than probable that the neighbouring better-known port of Salamis, which has now silted up, the site of which lies four or five miles to the north in a sheltered bay, was an open port founded by a colony of Greeks, and protected by the occupation of the higher ground, on which the present fortress stands. We know that Salamis had kings and coins as early as B.C. 569.

It is of little moment whence Famagusta derives its name; still, it is interesting to learn that the Syrians, as far back as the days of Esarhaddon (B.C. 675), called it Amtikhadasta, or "the High-place of the Goddess," in allusion to the elevated site on which it stood, and by the Greeks this name was changed into Ammachostos, which, as we know, was one of the royal cities which paid tribute to Nineveh after the conquest of the island by Sargon, King of Assyria, at the beginning of the 7th century B.C.

Amagosta was the native pronunciation of the Greek name, and as Amagosta or Famagusta it has remained to this day. A more fanciful derivation for the name is given in the statement that Augustus Cæsar, after the battle of Actium, called it Fama Agusti.

Subject as Salamis was to continual attack, its prosperity declined, and a final blow was given to its importance as a harbour by a serious earthquake, which appears to have swallowed up a portion of the town. This also so altered the configuration of the coast line in its immediate neighbourhood that a bar formed at the mouth of the Pedias river, with the result that a series of swamps has been formed in the neighbourhood of the ancient port almost sufficient in itself to account for its abandonment. Famagusta, however, lying as it does on considerably higher ground of sedimentary limestone, remained unaffected by these convulsions of Nature, and out of the ruins of Salamis, an important town, with a commercial

OLD HARBOUR, FAMAGUSTA.

harbour, appears to have been constructed. Greatly favoured by the existence of a strong and natural sea-wall, which lies parallel with the beach, in former days there was once a deep and spacious harbour lying close up to the walls of the town of some seventy acres in extent, and thirty feet in depth. This natural harbour is encircled by a tongue of land, with a series of rocks in continuation of it; and at a distance of 500 yards from the ramparts lies the natural sea-wall alluded to, which consists of a line of rock ledges, gradually dipping into the sea towards the north, commencing at a height of thirteen feet above the water-line, and falling to eighteen feet below it. These rocks are of schist, the same formation as are the three small islands which close the port to the east. These islands, if joined by a causeway, the construction of which would not be a difficult matter, would form the southern boundary of the harbour. The northern side is protected by a jetty which runs out to a length of 170 yards at right angles to the shore, leaving an entrance to the harbour about 40 yards in width; but this ancient jetty was in a sad state of disrepair until the recent improvements were undertaken, and it was through the gaps in it that the sand and mud, which so silted up the inner harbour, found their way. No wonder, then, that in the earliest days, and down to the times of the Lusignans, the Genoese, and the Venetians, this favoured spot, where so little was required of art to render it a secure refuge for the storm-tossed, pirate-harried galleys of the traders of the Mediterranean, Famagusta should have waxed more and more in importance, until it became a populous city, counting, so it is said, its beautiful churches by hundreds, and its palatial mansions by thousands.

The siege and capture of Famagusta by the Turks in 1571, put a speedy end, however, to all this prosperity, and no sooner had the Venetians been driven out than all the

slumbering animosities between the Latin and Greek Churches, which had been kept in check by their former masters, broke into an open blaze. The orthodox Christians from the surrounding country rushed into the town and wreaked their religious zeal and hate on the lovely churches and buildings which had been spared by the shot of the Moslem, till scarce one stone was left standing upon another. The Turk stood by and laughed as long as the Christians were content to kill one another, but then he drove them out of the town and shut the gates, and from that time onwards none but Turks were allowed to dwell within the walls, the Christians being compelled to live in Varoshia and other villages outside.

And so it came to pass that the once fine harbour was silted up till there was not more than twelve feet of water anywhere within the barrier reefs; an ample depth, however, for the few miserable coasting vessels and *caïques* which carried on a fitful trade with the various ports of Syria and Asia Minor, and with Egypt; its palaces and churches are in ruins, and there is no life left in the place at all. It is all very well to rail at the Turk, but up till quite recently I do not think that we can pride ourselves on having done much better, but we seem to be waking up to our responsibilities towards the island at last.

Several projects have been elaborated for the conversion of Famagusta into the harbour of Cyprus, notably those by the late Mr Brown, C.E., to which allusion has been made at the beginning of these notes; but up till 1893 no effort had been made to fulfil the just expectations of the Cypriots, so falsely stimulated by our occupation of five and twenty years previously.

He reported that to fit the harbour for the reception of large ocean-going steamers, considerable but not necessarily expensive works would have to be undertaken. The breaches in the jetty, and the openings in the barrier reefs to the north,

which admitted the silt brought down by the Pedias river, must be closed, and then the whole of this inner harbour dredged out to the required depth, say of twenty-four feet. As the bottom was believed to consist of nothing but sand and mud, there would be no difficulty in this, and by making use of powerful dredges such as are used either in the Suez Canal or the Alexandria Harbour Works, discharging into lighters, which could safely get rid of their contents a very short way out to sea, in Famagusta Bay, which is over 150 fathoms deep; the probable expense, at all events, of this portion of the work could be calculated to a nicety. Building material is plentiful on the spot, and the island of Santorin, from whence the *pozzolana* is supplied for hydraulic cement, is only three days distant. By prolonging the line of rocks on the east side of the harbour by the construction of a breakwater, as proposed by Mr Brown, C.E., an outer harbour of from 300 to 450 acres in extent might be formed, where the whole of the Mediterranean fleet could ride securely at single anchor under the protection of the breakwater. As, however, there is excellent holding ground in the bay in from twenty to thirty fathoms of water, this ambitious project, under the altered circumstances of our occupation of Egypt, is scarcely likely to be carried out; unless, indeed, in the inevitable break-up of the Ottoman dominions, and the scramble for the "Sick Man's" inheritance, our gallant neighbours should assert their historic claims to Syria, in which case a first-class port at Famagusta would become of the highest stategic importance, and we should bitterly regret that we had not taken more advantage of our wasted opportunities.*

* Since writing the above appreciation of the then existing situation in 1896, much history has been made, and the "*Entente Cordiale*" has, for the time, altered many things, and the establishment of a naval base at Alexandria has, in a measure, superseded the immediate necessity for a base at Famagusta; but when the Constantinople-Baghdad railway, passing through Alexandretta at the head of the Gulf of Iskanderūn, is completed, the enormous strategic value of Famagusta will again make itself manifest as one of the great "Gates" which will rule the destinies of the world. Fore-warned is fore-armed.

In 1896 I wrote as follows:—"But even should it not be considered desirable to face such a contingency, which would involve a large expenditure of money, nobody can maintain, given the natural advantages that Famagusta possesses for the construction of a good harbour for commercial purposes at a very moderate cost, that we have at all acted up to our responsibilities in the island during our occupation; for among our numerous other *lâches* we have entirely neglected to provide it with a port which should be free of access from the outer world during any weather." I am glad to think, as I have shown in above, that this neglect has been, at all events, rectified.

It is almost laughable, were it not at the same time too painful, to read all the brightly-coloured pictures which were made of the benefits to accrue to Cyprus, and particularly to Famagusta, from a British occupation.

Vice-Consul White, in a report of 1863, says: "It cannot be doubted that, should Cyprus ever fall into the hands of any European Power, Famagusta would once more become a place of great importance. Its great strength and sheltered harbour would not fail to be turned to good account." Commenting on the above, Captain Savile remarks: "The occupation of the island by England may possibly cause a speedy realization of this prediction." This was written twenty-five years before anything was attempted. Sir Samuel Baker's opinion I have already quoted in Chapter I.

Mr Hepworth Dixon, in his book on British Cyprus, published in 1879, says: "Famagusta is our future port, our arsenal, place of arms, and naval station, the Valetta of these Eastern seas. We have no choice. Limasol and Larnaka are open roadsteads, not to be enclosed except at an expense like that incurred at Alexandria; Papho is a small and shallow harbour; Kyrenia lies beyond the principal routes of trade. No ship of war could winter in those places. On the other hand, Fama-

gusta is a natural harbour, wide enough to receive, and deep enough to float, an English squadron. Even now, before a dredge has been used, our greatest ships can enter, swing at anchor, and steam out again at pleasure.

* * * * *

"Nature made Famagusta what she is, and gifted her for what she will become—a rival of Beyrout and Scanderūn for purposes of trade, of Acre and Alexandria for purposes of war."

There is one thing at Famagusta which strikes one at once, and that is the extraordinary state of preservation of the escarp walls and parapets of the fortifications. With a very little repair, and mounted with proper guns, they should be capable of offering a successful resistance to attack from the land side. Of course, to attack from the sea, it would, in its present condition, be quite untenable. The walls which surround the city are nearly in the form of a parallelogram, and their perimeter is about 4000 yards. Without the walls, on the land side, is a deep *fosse*, or ditch, hewn out of the solid rock of calcareous sedimentary limestone, and the stone thus obtained has been utilized in the construction of the walls above. The stone has weathered to extreme hardness, which accounts in a great measure for the present excellent preservation of the walls. The ditch is a very formidable obstacle, with a minimum depth of 25 feet, and a width of 80, although in places it is considerably more. Formerly the sea used to be admitted into the ditch, but now it is more or less silted up, and is a hot-bed of mosquitoes and malaria. However, steps have been taken to improve this state of affairs, and trees have been planted in the ditch, which has also been drained. There is only one entrance on the land side, the one we had entered by, at the south-west corner, and here the ditch is some 140 feet in width, and both scarp and counter-scarp are cut vertically out of the original rock. The roadway

into the town passes over a narrow stone bridge upon arches, provided with a double drawbridge and a massive gateway with portcullis.

Wandering round the ramparts I was much struck with the extreme massiveness of the works generally, the walls being 17 or 18 feet in thickness, whilst at the angles the solid masonry must have measured at least 25 feet. One of the leading features of the place are the enormous cavaliers on the ramparts, from which a commanding fire could be brought to bear on the surrounding country. These are, however, themselves commanded by high ground at some distance from the walls on the west and north-west, but well within the range of modern artillery, from which a great part of the works could be taken in reverse; and these points it would be necessary to occupy with detached works, should it ever be intended to defend the place from land attack.

One can still see on the scarp and counterscarp walls on the Varoshia side the marks of the conflict for the possession of the town between the Turks and the Venetians, and traces of the Turkish approaches are still visible in the direction of the high ground above Varoshia. This memorable siege, which was as remarkable for the gallantry of its heroic defence as for the treachery and cruelty of the barbarous Turk, was a fitting prelude to the three centuries of misrule and extortion under which the island groaned until the Convention of the 4th June, 1878, came to give a little breathing-space to the down-trodden Cypriot before the next political shuffle settles what his ultimate destiny is to be.

The history of the conquest of Cyprus by the Turk is well summarized by Captain Savile in his excellent work, and there we read that "after the subjugation of Egypt by the Sultan Selim I., in 1517, the tribute which, since 1425, had been regularly paid by Cyprus to the King of Egypt, was

then sent annually to the Sultan of Turkey instead, and with this arrangement the old chroniclers say that 'they (the Turks) held themselves well contented.' Solyman the Great was, however, succeeded on the 25th September, 1566, by the ignoble and degenerate Selim II., to whom his own national historians give the epithet of 'the fool,' and in 1570 the self-willed cupidity and violence of this prince involved the Porte in a war with Venice for the acquisition of Cyprus, the possession of which island Selim had coveted while he was governor of Kutahia, in his father's lifetime.

"It is said that Selim found the attractions of Cyprus wine irresistible, and a Jew called Joseph Nassy, who was his favourite, first gave him the idea that he should make himself master of the island.

"At this time a treaty of peace existed between the Porte and Venice, but Selim, endeavouring to satisfy his conscience with regard to the proposed act of aggression, obtained from his *mufti*, Ibn-Su'ûd, a *fetwah* authorising him to attack Cyprus, in open violation of the treaty.

"The island had been at one time under Mahometan rulers, and the Turkish authorities now proclaimed, and acted upon the principle, that the sovereign of Islâm may at any time break a treaty for the sake of re-conquering from the unbelievers a country which has formerly belonged to the territory of Islam.* The Grand Vizier, Sokolli, earnestly but vainly opposed the war against Venice, his influence being counteracted by the suggestions of Lala Mustapha, who encouraged Selim in his project.

"Hostilities were commenced in February 1570, when an army was sent into Epirus, and to the frontiers of Dalmatia, to overrun Venetian territory and to attract the attention of

* Von Hanmer's *History of the Ottoman Empire* (German, 2nd Edition), Vol. II., p. 402; and Sir E. Creasy's *History of the Ottoman Turks*, p. 217. It is now evident from what nation and religion the German borrows his political faith.

the Republic away from Cyprus; and further, in the middle of April, a fleet of eighty galleys and thirty galliots, under Piall Pasha, was sent to sea to prevent aid being despatched by Venice to Cyprus, and to secure the uninterruption of the invasion of the island. Lala Mustapha was given command of the expedition against Cyprus, and on the 26th May, 1570, he, accompanied by Hali Pasha, sailed from Constantinople; at Rhodes he was joined by Piall Pasha, and the combined fleets, amounting to two hundred galleys, with numerous galliots, horse transports, etc.

'On the 1st July this fleet cast anchor in the roadstead of Limasol, and the disembarkation of the troops was, owing to the negligence and incapacity of Nicholas Dandalo, who commanded the Venetian force on the spot, effected without opposition or loss; the fort of Leftari, near Limasol, also surrendered at the first summons. The Turkish army now entrenched itself, and a council of war was held to determine whether Famagusta or Nicosia should be the next object of attack. The great heat and the unhealthy situation of the former town at this season of the year, caused the decision to be in favour of an advance against Nicosia, which was the capital of the island, and centrally situated.

"Nicosia was then strongly fortified (*vide* plate), the old defences had been only recently demolished by the Venetians. New and strong walls, having a circuit of three miles, had just been constructed, and the place converted into a regular fortress with eleven bastions and three gates; the walls were defended by 250 pieces of artillery.

"The garrison appears to have consisted of from 8,000 to 10,000 men; of which number 3,000 were Venetians, 2,500 native militia, 1,500 Italians, 1,000 nobles of Nicosia, together with Albanians and others.*

* See Von Hanmer (French Edition), Vol. VI., p. 403.

FAMAGUSTA (from an old print).

(Reproduced from the Cobham Collection by permission of the Royal Colonial Institute).

"On the 22nd July Lala Mustapha reached the neighbourhood of Nicosia, and encamped his army within one and a half miles of the walls. It is reported that he had with him 2,500 cavalry and 50,000 infantry, with which force he commenced a regular siege of the fortress, the troops constructing trenches and batteries with the greatest activity. The operations of this siege, which lasted seven weeks, are well described by Knolles in his *General History of the Turks*, p. 848. At the beginning of September, the investing army received a reinforcement of 20,000 sailors and marines, sent by Piall Pasha from the Turkish fleet, and on the 9th of that month an assault was ordered, the attack being chiefly directed upon the Podacataro, Costanza, and Tripoli bastions.

"The struggle was long and sanguinary, but in the end the superior numbers of the besiegers prevailed, and the gallant defenders were forced back from the walls; the Turks then entered the city, and for eight days murder and pillage reigned supreme. It is said that 14,866 of the garrison and inhabitants perished on the 9th September, and that altogether 20,000 were killed, and 2000 youths and girls taken away as slaves.

"Lala Mustapha, leaving a garrison under Muzaffer Pasha at Nicosia, marched immediately with the rest of his army to Famagusta. Arriving before the walls (*vide* plate) of that town on the 18th September 1570, he at once constructed a redoubt, from which an artillery fire was kept up against both the town and the port. The defenders, commanded by Marc Antonio Bragadino, made several brave sorties, and showed the Turks by their energetic defence that a speedy capitulation need not be expected. Lala Mustapha, therefore, shortly withdrew the greater part of his troops from the siege works, and retired for the winter into quarters in the villages round Famagusta; which town he, however, still endeavoured to invest in order to prevent the arrival of reinforcements or supplies.

"On the 23rd January, 1571, the Venetian fleet, under Marc Antonius Quirini, succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the Turks, and brought into Famagusta 1600 men and a quantity of provisions and warlike stores.

"When the winter was over Lala Mustapha advanced his forces nearer to Famagusta; on the 16th April he reviewed his whole army, and then at once resumed his siege works with surprising activity.

"Bragadino, on his side, organised a strong defence, and his brave personal example inspired the whole garrison with a firm determination to hold their fortress to the very last extremity. The frequent assaults delivered by the Turks are well described in Knolles' work, p. 863; the siege continued through the months of May, June, and July, the garrison fighting desperately against the overwhelming strength of the besiegers.

"At last provisions became scarce, and on 1st August negotiations were entered into, and a capitulation was signed under the following conditions, viz., that the garrison should march out with their arms, five guns, and the horses of the commanders, and should be conveyed to Candia in the ships, at the expense of the Turks; that the inhabitants should be free to quit the town and take their property, and that those who preferred to remain should be unmolested, both as regards their persons and their goods.

"Accordingly, after a lapse of three days, Famagusta was evacuated, and on the 5th August Bragadino presented himself in the Turkish camp, accompanied by his chief commanders, Baglioni, Quirini, and others, with an escort of forty men Lala Mustapha, in the course of the discussion which ensued, made some complaints concerning the details of the capitulation, and becoming angry at the answers which he received, ended by making prisoners of the whole party. Baglioni,

CATHEDRAL OF S. NICOLAS-FAMAGUSTA

From an etching by Capt. A. F. U. Green, R.A.

Quirini, and the other officers were at once put to death, but Bragadino, the hero of the defence of Famagusta, was reserved for gross indignities, with long and infamous tortures, under which he expired ten days later, having been at last flayed alive.

"His skin, stuffed with straw, was subsequently taken in triumph to Constantinople by the treacherous and bloodthirsty Mustapha as a present to his equally barbarous master, hanging at the yard-arm of the victorious General's ship."

The island was now completely subjugated by the Turks with horrible cruelty, and thus the island passed under Turkish rule.

We spent the whole morning wandering about this old-world place, exploring its subterranean passages and underground magazines, barracks and workshops, where the splendid masonry is as good as the day it was built. We were particularly attracted by the beauty of the old Latin Cathedral of St Nicolas, an illustration of which has already been given in Chapter I., built in the Gothic style, and which, with its fine west front and flying buttresses, is like a Notre Dame de Paris in miniature. Alas! it has been turned into a Turkish mosque, and is much disfigured by a hideous minaret, and all its beautiful rose windows have been filled in with stucco work. In front of the mosque is a splendid specimen of the sycamore tree, the *Ficus sycomorus* (the *συκομαραία* of St Luke xix. 4), which grows at Famagusta, Larnaca, and Limasol. Its fruit, called by its Turkish name, *jimbez*, is like a small fig, and is eaten. Internally the ancient frescoes have been covered over with plaster and whitewashed, and many of the old monuments of bygone knights have been mutilated or destroyed *vide ant.* Ch. I.), but its massive columns and lofty nave still attest its former beauty of proportion and felicity of design. Its building appears to have been begun in 1300, and it was

finished some twelve years later. It was in this church that the Kings of Cyprus were crowned Kings of Jerusalem.

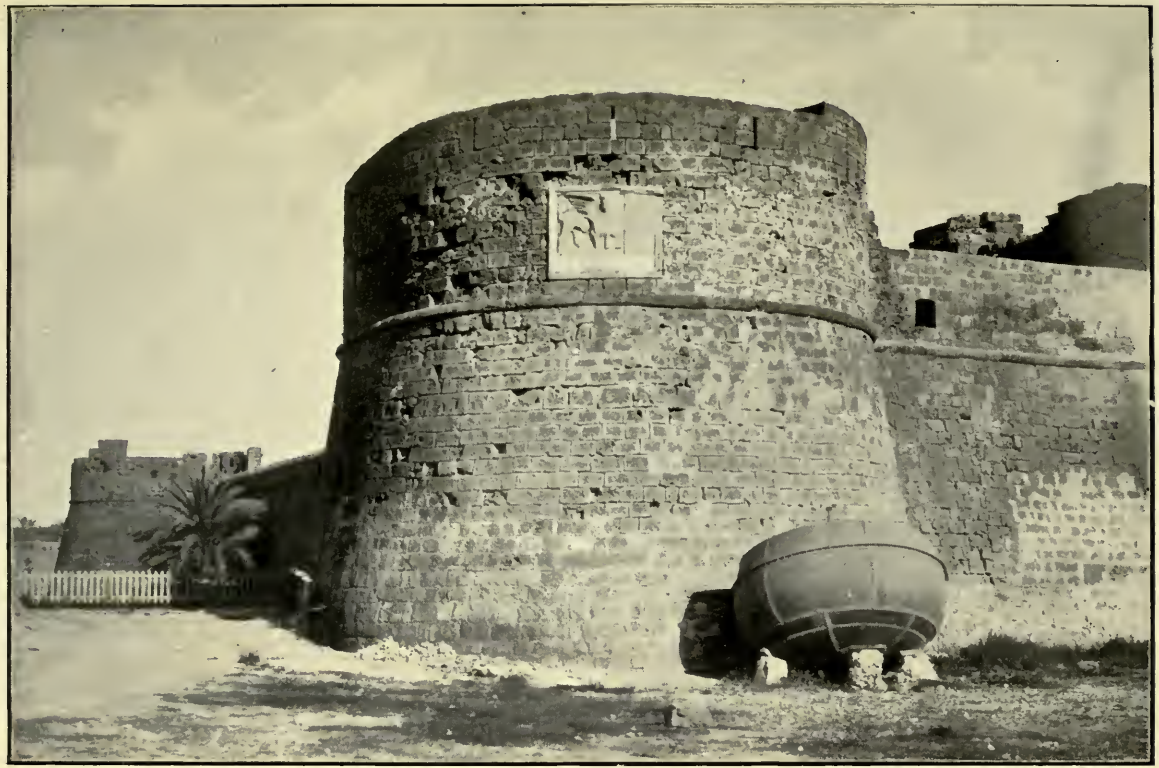
The old *imām* in charge was remarkably civil in showing us round. Nor did he scorn the trifling *honorarium* that was offered him when we left. I could not help wondering whether this noble church would ever be re-converted to its original uses as a place of Christian worship, as undoubtedly St Sophia at Constantinople, and many another shrine of the faith will be in the fulness of time. There are the ruins of several other fine old mediæval churches and ecclesiastical buildings in the immediate neighbourhood of the Cathedral-mosque, in the interiors of which the remains of frescoes are still plainly to be seen. Not far away there is a spacious enclosure entered through a handsome old stone gallery, in which are situated the police barracks, and the quarters occupied by the district superintendent of police, and here have been collected all the ld guns and stone cannon balls used in the siege, as well as a mass of old bits of stone carving which have been turned up from time to time among the ruins. Nearer the water's edge, and overlooking the harbour, stands the Castel-del-Moro, or Castle of the Moor, so closely connected with the action of Shakespeare's *Othello* in one of the chambers of which the unfortunate Desdemona is supposed to have met her fate.

Poor Desdemona! the hapless victim of a misplaced attachment for a gentleman of colour and the machinations of a scoundrel like Iago—we drop a tear to thy memory, and wonder how so brave a man could have said:—

> "O, perjured woman! thou dost stone my heart,
> And makest me call what I intend to do
> A murder, which I thought a sacrifice."

The lion of St Mark, carved in bold relief on a tablet of white marble let into the wall, still remains as a silent witness to those stirring scenes of long ago.

Wandering on we came to the water-gate, which gave access



CASTEL-DEL-MORO.

From a Photograph by J. P. Foscolo, Limasol.

through a winding passage beneath a very strong tower to a narrow quay, where a few small coasting vessels were discharging their cargoes of Russian paraffin oil and Manchester cotton goods; but now the curtain wall south of Othello's Tower has been pierced with three arches, giving access from the town to a new quay, which is faced with a concrete wall 900 feet long in 24 feet of water.

The inner harbour is commanded on the Eastern side by a citadel separated from the rest of the works by a wet ditch in communication with the sea, and thither we directed our steps in search of the lunch which our morning's peregrinations had made most acceptable. It was very pleasant sitting in the warm sun on the top of the tower, enjoying the lovely view seaward over the little harbour below, and it was with genuine regret that we tore ourselves away from a spot so replete with romantic associations, and rode back again to the dirty little one-horse town of Varoshia, where the Christian population, with their industries, as well the Government offices, are collected.

In the afternoon Mr Bovill and myself went for a walk past the fruit orchards and orange and lemon groves, which extend parallel with the sea from Famagusta to about two miles beyond Varoshia. The soil is exceedingly rich, and oranges, lemons, mulberries, figs, and pomegranates grow in great profusion; but the trees are nearly all planted too closely together, and appeared to be suffering very much from disease. Mr Bovill had a talk with some of the proprietors, and recommended them to thin the trees out, and spray with solutions of paraffin and soap, or Paris green; but they seemed a hopeless lot, and inclined to do nothing to help themselves unless they received Government assistance.

The pomegranate grown here is altogether a special cultivation, and is almost without pips, a variety which is perhaps

the one mentioned by Theophrastus in his *History of Plants*. The natives call them *Kouforoyia*, and they are exported to Egypt chiefly, to the value of some thousands of pounds annually, which might still be increased by extending the plantations and by care in the packing for export. Venus is traditionally credited with having introduced the pomegranate into the island.

Between these gardens and the sea, lie the once famous "madder" grounds of Famagusta, which formerly produced such a valuable crop in the days before the introduction of aniline dyes had killed the demand for this plant, which, however, on account of the indelible nature of the dye it produces, known as "Turkey red," is still used for dying many of the choicer red clothes, as well as the red cloth used in our own and other armies. I was astonished at the amount of labour that must have been expended to render the land suitable for the cultivation of the madder plant, for the cultivable soil below the dunes has been only reached by digging down to a depth of from ten to thirty feet below the sand, and the pits or tanks thus made along the shore form the madder grounds. At present these grounds are chiefly used by the peasants for the cultivation of vegetables.

And this calls to my mind the indifferent quality of the vegetables produced in the island, although the climate and soil generally are admirably adapted to the production of the best kinds early in the season, which would find a ready sale either in Alexandria or Smyrna. Wherever good varieties of vegetables have been introduced by English and other residents, they grow to great perfection, but the island authorities were in such a terror of the introduction of phylloxera that all importation of vegetable or flower seeds was prohibited for a long time, although, as Mr Gennadius said, there would not be the slightest danger of any spread of this disease by such importa-

tion from anywhere. In a country where asparagus and artichokes grow wild, as I have seen them myself, it does seem a sinful waste of Nature's bounties not to try and cultivate choice varieties for the neighbouring early markets.

It was growing dusk as we stumbled back over the sand dunes and madder pits, and we were not sorry to gain our magnificent hotel, and dress for dinner at the Commissioner's, where we sat down, quite a large party and spent a very pleasant evening afterwards.

CHAPTER VIII.

Drive to Larnaka—General Description of the Town—Claude Delaval Cobham, Esq., C.M.G.—Antiquities in the Neighbourhood—Departure from the Island—Conclusion.

THE faithful Janni turned up punctually at a quarter to five the next morning, as ordered, with the shandrydan, and whilst Mr Bovill made the tea out of his new tiffin basket, which had been presented to him by the Youngs just before leaving Nicosia, and which he was as pleased with as a child with a new toy, I did my dressing and packing. It was just beginning to dawn, and very cold, when I was ready to start at 6 a.m., and, as my pleasant travelling companion was unable to accompany me any further, I said good-bye to him with much regret, feeling that I was already under considerable obligation to him for what he had done for me. I can only hope that the regret was mutual.

Janni rattled his ponies along at a fine pace, and up to a mile beyond Kuklia we followed the road by which we had come from Nicosia, but here it took a sharp bend to the left in the direction of Larnaka. I was very glad when the sun got well up, and I was able to feel a little warm, and look about me with comfort. However, the country was dismal enough—an arid waste covered with heath, weeds, thistles, thorny shrubs, with here and there a patch of cultivation, but not the sign of a human habitation to be seen; and yet it is supposed that in ancient days the forest of Idalium extended all over these uplands. After about two hours' drive we again entered the low hills of cretaceous limestone that we had met with on the road from Limasol to Nicosia. At the little village of Pyla the road descends rapidly down to the sea and follows the flat

ground, mostly uncultivated, and some of it marshy, to the town of Larnaka, which we reached at 10.30. I drove straight to the Marina, but my steamer was not in, and I was beginning to wonder what I should do with myself, when the collector of customs gave me a note from Mr Cobham, * the Commissioner, asking me to go and put up at his house. I was very pleased to see Mr Cobham, as many years ago we had corresponded about Arabic, but had never met. So discharging Janni and his antediluvian conveyance, well pleased with himself and all the world at the bakhsheesh he received, I left my baggage in the Customs office, and walked off to the Austrian Lloyd Agency, where Mr Cobham was waiting for me. As it was a busy morning with him I left him at the Konak to do his work, whilst I strolled round the town to see what it was like.

There is nothing particularly striking about Larnaka, which is the chief commercial town of Cyprus, and the one port of call which boasts a hotel—the "Royal" kept by Mrs Ganci. It has a convenient roadstead and safe anchorage in the bay between capes Pyla and Chiti or Kiti; but at a distance of about 200 yards from the shore the water shoals, so that when the wind is from the S. or S.-E., even a moderate breeze is sufficient to cause a violent surf, which may interrupt communication with the shore for days at a time.

According to General di Cesnola, who for many years made the village of Ormidia, which is very pleasantly situated at the eastern extremity of Larnaka bay, his place of residence, the town takes its name from the ancient tombs over which it is

* Mr Claude Delaval Cobham, C.M.G., B.C.L., M.A., University College, Oxford, Commissioner of Larnaka, has had an unrivalled experience in Cyprus. Appointed Commissioner of Larnaka on 18th March, 1879, it is only quite lately that he has had, I regret to hear, to retire on account of ill-health. His very fine and unique collection of books, MSS., prints and engravings, both ancient and modern and in many languages, has recently been presented by him to the Royal British Colonial Institute. I have been privileged to reproduce the two old Venetian prints of Nicosia and Famagusta found in these pages.—A.O.G.

partially built, it being supposed by some that the word Larnaka (*Λαρναξ*), signifying in Greek a box or chest, and sometimes a cinerary urn or tomb, contained an allusion to tne unhealthiness of the place, which, however, hardly appears to be the case. The ancient Citium, and very probably the Chittim of Numbers xxiv. 24 and Isaiah xxiii. 1, 12 (*cf.* Genesis x. 4), once occupied the site on which the present town now stands, and appears to have been the oldest Phœnician settlement in Cyprus. It had a ditch, of which a great part can still be traced, an enclosed harbour, and on two small eminences have been discovered the foundations of large buildings, temples rather than forts, which commanded the town. On one, near what is now the Bamboula Marsh, were found in 1878, two important stone tablets inscribed with Phœnician characters in red and black ink of the fourth century, B.C. On the other, in 1894, was disclosed a *favissa* containing, at least, a thousand rude clay figurines, many of them painted. Tombs are found everywhere to the N.-W. of the town, and actually in the course of the ditch is the Panagia Phaneromene, a building of prehistoric date and Cyclopean construction, but whether used as a temple, tomb, or treasury, is quite uncertain, but the enormous size and weight of the stones used in its construction make it well worthy of examination. Traces of Byzantine architecture are also to be found in the neighbourhood.

From the sea Larnaka presents rather a pleasing aspect, extending, as it does, along a sea-front of about a mile in extent, some of the buildings being almost uniform in appearance. This portion of the town is called Scala, or the Marina, and is a comparatively busy and thriving place, as it contains the bazaars, cafés, and business places of the merchants, as well as the hotel aforesaid, the Customhouse buildings, the Government Konak and a few other stone-built houses which contrast

LARNAKA.

From a Photograph by J. P. Foscolo, Limasol.

considerably with the humbler dwelling-houses amongst which they are situated.

The present Larnaka is a comparatively modern town having been built since the occupation of the island by the Turks, and is divided into two districts, the Scala or Marina aforesaid, and an older town situated about three-quarters of a mile inland, in which the merchants and consuls, etc., used to live in the old days when the pirates of the Greek Archipelago ravaged these shores, but now the Marina is the chief place of residence. The houses in the older portion of the town appear, however, to be much more comfortable, and they are mostly surrounded by a courtyard and garden. They have large verandahs with pointed arches, standing on light pillars, and the general effect on entering a courtyard with its cool, plashing fountain and luxuriance of climbing plants and shrubs growing in boxes or pots, is decidedly most attractive. Old Larnaka has a mosque, three Orthodox churches, and a large Latin church and convent.

Between the old town and the Marina there is a large establishment belonging to the Sisters of Charity, which contains a chapel, school, and dispensary. Within the town itself is the fine old Latin Church of St Lazarus, which is surrounded by rows of pillars with pointed arches between them. It is a strange medley of fragments of pagan buildings, and is evidently of great antiquity. The main part of the church is built in the form of a cross, with a dome in the centre, below which is a cenotaph, traditionally believed to be the tomb of Lazarus, who is supposed to have settled in Cyprus to avoid persecution after his miraculous resurrection from the grave, and to have been finally buried there, but his remains were subsequently translated to Constantinople and finally to Marseilles.

There is a square fort, built by the Turks in 1625, now

used as a police barrack and prison. The Government offices, Courthouse, Customhouse, little grain stores, quay, three piers, three schools, and an excellent hospital, have been built since the British occupation. Water is brought a distance of six miles by an acqueduct, a creditable work carried out by Abu Bekr Pasha in 1745.

The country around Larnaka is extremely uninteresting and dried-up looking, and the soil is white and calcareous, except for a plain of very fertile soil about ten miles long and four miles wide, which extends along the sea shore in an easterly direction for about six miles beyond in the town, and about four miles to the west. This plain consists entirely of alluvium which has been brought down in the course of ages from the higher ground by which it is bounded to the north, and as many water-worn blocks of syenite and gneiss are to be met with, it is evident that the rainfall in Cyprus must have been very much greater in former days than at present to have brought these stones from such great distances.

A little more than a mile S.-W. of Scala is the great Salt Lake, of two square miles in area and ten miles in circuit. A depression in the soil, ten feet below the level of the sea, receives during the winter just as much rain-water as the sun will exhaust in summer, the surplus being allowed to discharge into the sea. The sea water filters into this depression, and by the end of August a coating of salt about eight inches thick has formed all over the lake. This is roughly skimmed off and sold retail for about ½d. per lb. These salt lakes formed one of the monopolies of the Turkish Government, and the sale of the salt in the ports of the Levant added considerably to the revenues of the island, but after the conclusion of our Convention with Turkey this source of revenue was in a great measure dried up as the Turk placed an embargo on Cyprus salt.

Beyond the lake lies a famous Moslem shrine, the *Tekieh*

Khalāti-i-Sultān, about four miles from Larnaka on the western shore of the lake. Here a monolithic structure of prehistoric date covers the remains of Umm Haram, daughter of Milhan the Ansāri, who followed her husband Ubada in the train of Mauwiyah, Governor of Syria, in the first expedition which the Khalifah Othman allowed to cross the sea. The lady, who was of the kin of the Prophet of Mecca, fell from her mule and broke her neck; and where she died she was buried, in the spring of A.D. 649. The mosque and its surroundings are not without dignity and grace, and the shrine is a favourite place of pilgrimage.

Having rejoined Mr Cobham, we went off to lunch at his house in the old town, which is quite one of the typical houses of the place, and was built some two centuries back by the English Consul of those days. One remarkable feature of the house is a very large central room, now used as a drawing-room, the ceiling of which has a clear span of thirty-three feet, the timbers of which, so Mr Cobham told me, were cut in the forest, which in those days grew near to the town on the uplands, where now there is not the vestige of a tree to be seen.

The Austrian Lloyd boat came in at 4 p.m., having been delayed by rough weather; so, after an afternoon stroll and dinner with Mr Cobham, I went on board at about 8.30, and we were soon afterwards on our way along the coast to Limasol, which was reached early on the morning of the 29th November after a rough, squally passage. Everything was shrouded in mist, and it was pouring with rain when I went on deck, and it was much too uninviting to think of going on shore; so I remained on board, and was rolled about at anchor until 2.30 p.m., when we started again for Port Said, where we duly arrived, after a nasty, rough passage, at 8.30 p.m. on the 30th November, and next morning I caught the 9.30 a.m. train to Cairo.

So thus ended my pleasant trip to that most charming of islands—Cyprus; and although since making the above notes I have visited the island twice again, I am still of the opinion that the island only wants capital to develop its resources in order to make it one of the most paying of our Crown Colonies. But as long as the future of the island is as uncertain as it is at present, that is, until it belongs absolutely to England and it ceases to have to pay its present tribute to Turkey, so long will it fail to attract the British capital, which is the main thing wanting to hasten its regeneration and prosperity.

In conclusion, I do not wish it to be understood for a moment from what I have written in the fore-going pages that there has been no material progress in the condition of the island since the British occupation commenced in 1878, because that would indeed be very far wide of the truth. Nor could it be otherwise under the beneficent rule of the series of most able administrators who have been entrusted with its destinies as High Commissioners of Cyprus, from Lieut.-General Sir Garnet Wolseley, K.C.B., G.C.M.G., down to the present administrator, H.E. Major Sir Hamilton J. Goold-Adams, G.C.M.G. We have given of our best in public life for the interests of the island, and these gentlemen, most ably assisted by a remarkably efficient Civil Service, have performed wonders with the limited means at their disposal; and any slowness of progress has been entirely due to two factors, the want of money and the inherent unprogressiveness of the Cypriots themselves.

The population of the Island has increased from 180,000 to 274,000, but it is capable of supporting a population at least five times as great.

The Turk ruled entirely in the interests of the Ottoman Porte and the swarms of officials mis-governing the island. Taxation was heavy and oppression the rule, but now taxation

has been reduced to about £1 *per capita*, which compares most favourably with the taxation of other countries, that of Great Britain, for instance, being about £4.

Before our occupation the country was on the continuous downgrade, with ever-increasing burdens, extra taxation, forced contributions, and no hope of improvement. There was no security for life or property, and justice was openly bought and sold.

Now an excellent police force, well-disciplined and well-officered, has replaced the rapacious and often infamous Turkish *zaptieh*, and Cyprus is safer to travel about in than many European countries.

Prior to 1878 the local Courts refused to admit Christian evidence in cases in which Mussulmans were concerned: appeals lay to those of Rhodes and Constantinople. The delay and expense were intolerable, but, even were judgment obtained, its execution was often defeated by the venality of the local executive, or foreign interference. Now every man's rights are scrupulously guarded, the women are safe, and justice is administered without partiality, favour or affection, in Courts composed of a Turkish judge and a Greek judge, with an English barrister as President.

Prisons, which were meaner and fouler than an English dog-kennel, have been replaced by buildings which will bear comparison with the best of their kind in Europe.

Municipal Government has sprung into life for the betterment of the population in everything that Municipalities stand for in these days—hygiene, better houses, lighting and sanitation, etc.

Post offices have been established throughout the island where previously they were entirely non-existent, and 700 miles of main roads have been constructed, at an expenditure of over £250,000, and communication has been much facilitated

by the introduction of motor transport, to say nothing of the 2 feet 6 inch gauge railway which connects Famagusta with the capital, Nicosia (36 miles), and which has now been extended right accross the island to Morphou (60 miles).

With regard to agriculture much has been done by a scientific Department of Agriculture in instructing the farmers in improved methods of cultivation, by the establishment of a model and experimental farm near Nicosia, and of gardens in various parts of the Island for the propagation of useful trees and seeds. The plague of locusts from which the country formerly suffered most grievously has been successfully dealt with, and damage from this source is no longer appreciable.

Education has not been forgotten, and where schools might formerly be counted by tens, they are now counted by hundreds.

To quote again from the *Handbook of Cyprus*, in its section dealing with Cyprus under British rule: "The time has now come when Cyprus, with its settled government and organised administration, its good climate and many advantages, could be greatly developed if it can obtain the capital it requires, Agriculture, the vine industry, mining, various branches of trade, and especially a distributing trade, all require capital. which can be safely and remuneratively employed in the island. An independent observer, Sir R. Hamilton Lang, formerly head of the Imperial Ottoman Bank at Constantinople, who resided in Cyprus and knew it well before the occupation, thus writes in *Blackwood's Magazine* for August 1902:—In Cyprus 'honest administration has supplanted a corrupt *régime*. Financial order has taken the place of oppressive exactions. Liberty of the subject has dispelled the miasma of fanatical suspicion. Civilly, financially, and morally, the position of the people has been raised.'"

Cyprus is not yet the "enchanted island" of Mallocks'

book, nor the "Garden of the East" that the first High Commissioner promised it should become; but it is, now that substantial financial aid is being given to it by the British Government, in a fair way to become both, provided the Cypriots, on their part, will only play the game and not allow themselves to be led away by the self-seeking politicians who are even now agitating for annexation to Greece.

Although in the background for the present, Cyprus will, in the near future, when the Constantinople-Bagdad railway is an accomplished fact, play an important part as one of the "Gates" promised to us nationally in Gen. xxii. 17, and xxiv. 60.

THE END.

APPENDIX

THE CYPRUS CONVENTION.

"Convention of Defensive Alliance between Great Britain and Turkey."

The above agreement was signed 4th June, 1878, and it embodies the resolve of H.M. the Queen and H.I.M. the Sultan, to conclude a Convention of Defensive Alliance with the object of safe-guarding, in the future, the Asiatic territories of H.I.M. the Sultan; and its operative part is as follows:—

"If Batoum, Ardahan, Kars, or any of them shall be retained by Russia, and if any attempt shall be made at any future time by Russia to take possession of any further territories of His Imperial Majesty the Sultan in Asia, as fixed by the Definitive Treaty of Peace, England engages to join His Imperial Majesty the Sultan in defending them by force of arms.

"In return, His Imperial Majesty the Sultan promises to England to introduce necessary reforms, to be agreed upon later between the two Powers, into the Government, and for the protection of the Christian and other subjects of the Porte in these territories; and in order to enable England to make necessary provision for executing her engagement, His Imperial Majesty the Sultan further consents to assign the Island of Cyprus to be occupied and administered by England."

On 1st July, 1878, the following annexed to the above Convention was agreed to:—

"It is understood between the two High Contracting Parties, that England agrees to the following conditions re-

lating to her occupation and administration of the Island of Cyprus:—

"1. That a Mussulman Religious Tribunal (Mahkeme-i-Sherieh) shall continue to exist in the island, which will take exclusive cognisance of religious matters, and no others, concerning the Mussulman population of the island.

"2. That a Mussulman resident in the island shall be named by the Board of Pious Foundations in Turkey (Evqaf), to superintend, in conjunction with a delegate to be appointed by the British authorities, the administration of the property, funds, and lands belonging to mosques, cemeteries, Mussulman schools, and other religious establishments existing in Cyprus.

"3. That England will pay to the Porte whatever is the present excess of revenue over expenditure* in the island: this excess to be calculated upon and determined by the average of the last five years, stated to be 22,936 purses, to be duly verified hereafter, and to the exclusion of the produce of State and Crown lands let or sold during that period.

"4. That the Sublime Porte may freely sell and lease lands and other property in Cyprus belonging to the Ottoman Crown and State (Arazi-i-Miriye and Emlaki Houmayoun), the produce of which does not form part of the island referred to in Article 3.†"

5. That the English Government, through their competent authorities, may purchase compulsorily, at a fair price, land required for public purposes, and land which is not cultivated.

6. That if Russia restores to Turkey Kars and the other conquests made by her in Armenia during the last war (1877-

* The revenue in 1913 is stated to be £335,000, and the expenditure £258,000.

† Article 4 was modified by a supplementary Convention, 3rd February, 1879, under which the Porte abandoned the exercise of these rights from 1st April, 1879, for a further payment of £5000 a year.

78), the island of Cyprus will be evacuated by England, and the Convention of 4th June, 1878, will be at an end.

In consequence of the above convention, the Island was formerly taken over on 12th July, 1878, and on 22nd July Sir Garnet Wolseley, K.C.B., G.C.M.G., landed at Larnaka with a large force of British and Indian troops, took the oaths of allegiance and of office, and assumed the government as Her Majesty's High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief in and over the island of Cyprus.

As pointed out by me in an article, "The Faithfulness of God," which appeared in *The Banner of Israel* for 31st December, 1913, Russia has not restored any of her conquests to the Ottoman Porte, nor does there seem the least likelihood of her doing so, and that, therefore, the above convention still holds good. The fact that Turkey has not introduced the necessary reforms into her Asiatic dominions, nor that we have done nothing to help her beyond the ventilation of a few pious expressions of advice, does not in the least abrogate the responsibilities which we undertook in the face of the world, under certain contingencies, *to defend the territories of Turkey in Asia by force of arms.*

Hence we hold with regard to Turkey in Asia a privileged position in comparison with other nations, and according to the *Daily Telegraph* of 1st December 1913, we are about to reap the advantages of that position to the utmost, for by a new treaty called "The Anglo-Turkish Treaty," from which all difficulties appear to have been removed, and which has since *been signed*:—

1. The British Government is granted a concession of all the oil wells situated in Arabia, Mesopotamia, and (it is understood) Syria.

2. The frontiers of the Sultanate of Koweit (on the Persian Gulf) are to be settled in accordance with the British demands.

The Sultan, who is placed under Turkish sovereignty, but will be practically independent, and will conduct his external relations apart from any kind of Turkish supervision, will have a large *hinterland* under his direct authority. As a matter of fact, he will become the principal power in Arabia directly under our influence.

3. The navigation of the Euphrates and Tigris will form a monopoly granted to an International Company, of which the shares are to be distributed as follows:—

Great Britain	50 per cent.
Turkey	25 „
Germany	25 „

Now, it may be almost regarded as axiomatic that where commercial concessions or monopolies are granted by a weaker to a stronger power, political influence is sure to follow, and having regard to the dominant position already conferred upon us by the Cyprus Convention, who can doubt that day is not far distant when Arabia, Mesopotamia and Syria, will pass under our protectorate, and then, for the first time since the Covenant in Gen. xv. 18 was made with Abram, the whole of the Covenant Land, from the river of Egypt (the Nile) to the great river, the river Euphrates, will become the long-looked-for heritage of the seed of Abraham.

The first portion of the Covenant Land, which includes the course of the Nile from its source to the Mediterranean Sea, fell into our hands at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, 13th September 1882 (*vide* my article in the *Banner* for 1st April 1914, "The Land of Goshen and the Exodus"), and since then we, as a nation, have been busily engaged, in spite of much opposition, in "healing Egypt" in accordance with the prophecies foretold of old time by Isaiah the prophet in chap. xix., and no doubt now we shall continue that process to the end.

In this little work on Cyprus I have written a great deal

more than I had originally intended, but has not the time arrived when it should be the duty of everybody who knows something, however little, about this great Empire of ours on which the sun never sets, to endeavour to open the eyes of his fellow-countrymen to the glorious heritage which is ours, and help to take away the reproach of Our Most Gracious Sovereign Lord, King George, contained in the admonition, "Wake up, England," and to make what Isaiah says in verses 9 and 10, chap. vi., of none effect:

9. "And he said, Go tell this people: Hear ye indeed, but understand not; and see ye indeed, but perceive not.

10. "Make the heart of this people fat, and make their ears heavy, and shut their eyes; lest they see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and turn again and be healed."

Again, in Mal. iii. 6: "For I, the Lord, change not; therefore ye, O sons of Jacob, are not consumed."

List of the High Commissioners of Cyprus since the Occupation:—

1.	Lieut.-General Sir Garnet Wolseley, K.C.B., G.C.M.G. .	22nd July 1878
2.	Col. R. Biddulph, C.B.	23rd June 1879
3.	Sir H. E. Bulwer, G.C.M.G.	9th March 1886
4.	Sir W. J. Scudall, K.C.M.G.	5th April 1892
5.	Sir W. F. Haynes Smith, K.C.M.G. . . .	23rd April 1898
6.	Sir C. A. King-Harman, K.C.M.G.	17th October 1904
7.	Major Sir Hamilton J. Gould-Adams, G.C.M.G., C.B., the present High Commissioner	12th October 1911

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